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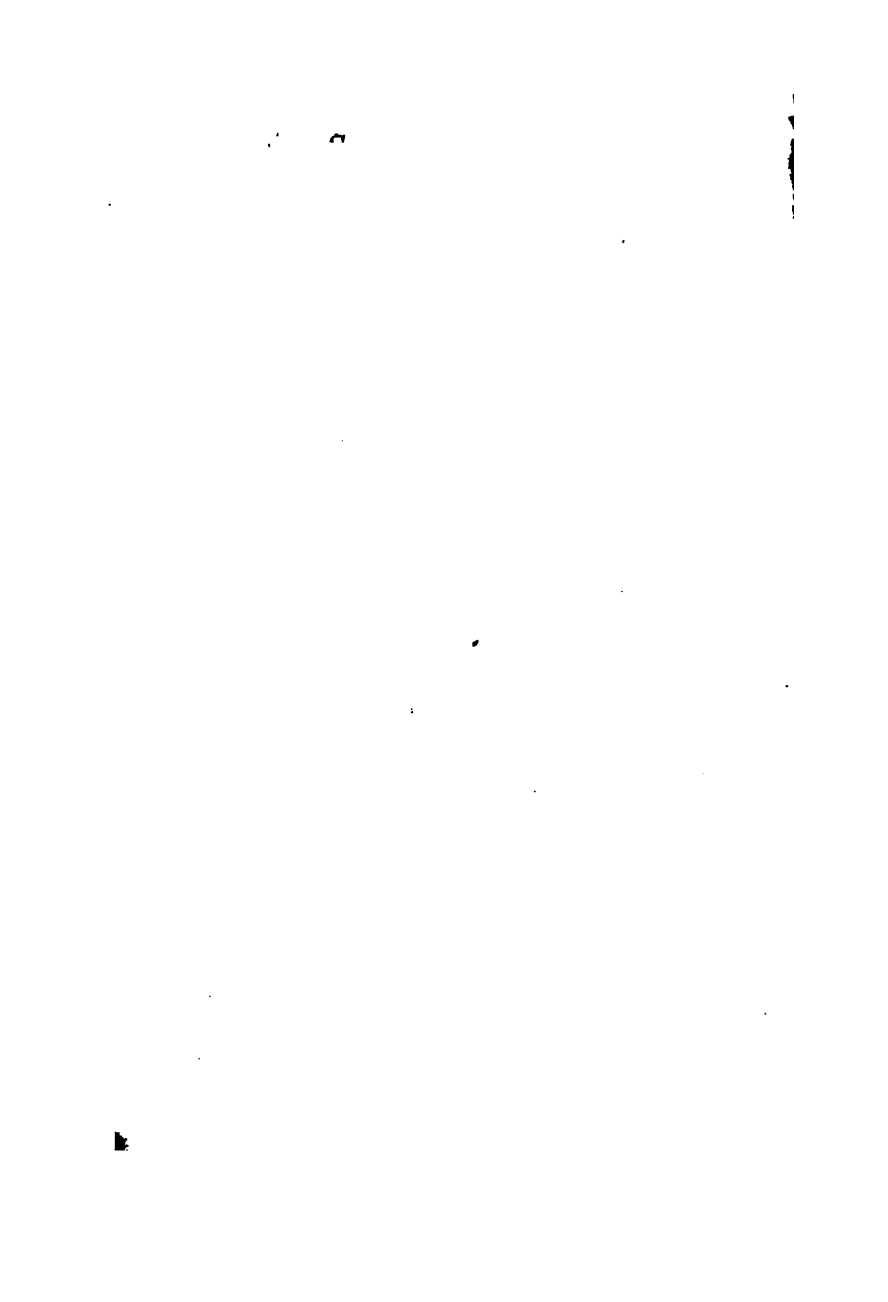
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# **SIMPLE SKETCHES.**



# SIMPLE SKETCHES:

BY REV. JOHN TODD.

EDITED BY J. BRACE, JR.

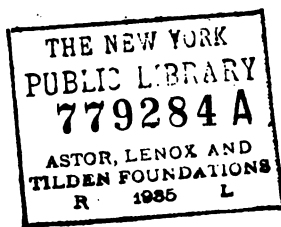
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## P R E F A C E .

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A FEW years ago, the Editor of this little volume, on his own responsibility, published a volume of the scattered pieces of Mr. Todd,—such pieces as he deemed worth saving. The large edition which is entirely exhausted, and the popularity of it when reprinted in England, shew that he was not mistaken in his judgment. The same reasons which induced him to collect those scattered fragments, have led him to publish these, and if the public are as well satisfied with this as with the former volume, he will engage to be satisfied too. In the present, as in the former case, all the responsibility

VIII.

the author himself bears, is in having originally written what he has. All other responsibility rests with

THE EDITOR.

Lanesboro', (Mass.,) March, 20, 1845.

THE RAFT;  
OR  
THE WIDOW'S TWO SONS.

---

THE traveller, who at this day, mounts the stage at any of our great starting-points for the White Mountains, and who, as he draws near that region of wonders, gazes in astonishment, at the handy workmanship of the Eternal, cannot now see the region as it was some thirty or forty years ago. The roads are now good, the conveyances rapid and convenient, the habitations of man more plenty, and the country every way more subdued. Trees, which, for generations grew undisturbed in these distant nooks and valleys, have had the "feller" come up against them, have been subjected to the power of the saw, and after winding down the

beautiful and modest stream of the Connecticut, are now converted into the splendid dwellings of those who could afford to use them. Now, the carriages of the wealthy are no strangers here. The gay and the fashionable sometimes throng hither. The belle comes here to see and to be seen ; and many a pigeon and hawk takes wing as the weary city-gentleman raises his gun, and with a loud noise thus "makes the feathers fly."

The cold streams which have for ages sprung up here in places seemingly inaccessible to man, are now waded and explored by the greedy trout-seeker, who searches with his line every hole in the rocks over which the streams tumble, and who feels ashamed to number his victims except by the dozen. Once it was not so. Nay, some thirty-five years ago, no strangers were seen, except that now and then a hardy teamster passed on towards Boston in his sleigh, loaded with venison ; or a still more hardy hunter, with *his long rifle* and powerful dog, travelled these

mountains in quest of the nimble footed deer or the huge black bear.

It is back to this period that I wish to carry the mind of my reader. Then the bear went and came, and seldom met the two-footed enemy with his gun. The deer came down and fed on the sunniest spots and no one molested her. The partridge rolled and wallowed in the warmest dirt she could find, and her wild heart had nothing to fear, provided the crackling brush gave her timely notice of the footstep of the wild fox. The habitations of men were then but few, and low cottages, sprinkled here and there in this immense space, were hardly noticed, as the eye took in scores of square miles at a single glance.

If the reader has ever been over this section of country, and has "travelled the ground thoroughly" as the Irish soldier said, when reproved for not getting over the ground faster in the hour of battle, he will never forget "Franconia Notch." It is a charm



through which the road passes at the foot of Mt. Lafayette, and the grandest scene, save *one*, which this country has yet exhibited. I could wish that some of our wise friends, who go to Europe and come home with a new suit of clothes, and new and genteel whiskers, and who, on their return, find every thing on a scale painfully and humiliatingly small, might return by way of the Canadas, and pass through the region of the White Mountains before they make their reports. I verily believe that they would confess that whatever else may be found abroad, such scenery, such everlasting piles of granite, such wild solitudes can no where else be found. These solitudes are the home of the thunders, the cradle of many storms, and the birth-places of most of the rivers which branch every way, and water and fertilize the land of the Pilgrims.

The reader, too, on the supposition aforesaid, will recollect the cold, undefined, and *awful feeling* which comes over him as he

begins to descend to enter the "Notch," to look at "the old man of the mountains." These feelings and this scenery I shall not now undertake to describe ; but just as he begins to enter the forest, passing from Franconia, he will also recollect a road running at right angles to that which he travels. Well, it was some little distance down this lonely road, that the small wood-colored dwelling of Widow Howe stood, at the time I am commencing my story.

Some years before this, a young sailor had unaccountably wandered up "this way from the waters," and soon found a tie that bound him here. This was a pretty girl, who consented to marry him on the hard condition that he would no more go to sea. It cost him much rumination as he sat alone thinking it over, and many a cigar was turned into ashes in trying to soothe him into acquiescence. Acquiesce, however, he did, and they were married, and purchased the little domain I have mentioned. The sailor found

it rather difficult at first to manage his farm, but by naming his oxen "starboard" and "starboard," and his blind horse "dead eyes," he got along very well. They lived happily together for several years, when Howe was suddenly called from time into eternity. His young wife was left with two little boys, James and John.

The history of years is compressed into a few sentences. That is, a few sentences pass over years without telling us anything that took place. This is all I mean when I say that the history of Widow Howe for many years may be told in a few words. She was industrious, frugal, mild, persevering, and carried a heart contented and peaceful, because it had been chastened, and purified, and subdued by religion. She taught her boys all that she knew. She told them the story of their father over and over again, partly to soothe her own heart, and partly to lead her boys to cherish his memory. *These objects were accomplished, together with*

one of which she did not dream. She would tell how their father came there, a lighthearted young sailor; how frank and generous he was; what he had passed through on the great waters, what he was to her, and what he would have been to them had he lived. Alas, why is it that when our friends are gone, we wish to heighten every excellence, cover every weakness, and dwell only upon what we loved most in them? Why does sorrow thus seek for that food which increases it? I shall not stop to discuss it.

The boys grew up, uncorrupted by society, simple in all their views and tastes. They were the pride and the joy of the widow's heart. They knew every wind and turn, and every hole for the trout which the wild Ammonoosuc afforded. They could tell the time when the fish were "out," by the eye and the scream of the hard-hearted, selfish king-fisher. They could tell when the storm would come, by watching the awful Lafayette, as he "put on his night-cap" of clouds.

and they could climb the tree, the rock, and the mountain, with a foot and an ease peculiar to themselves. But as they grew up they felt unsatisfied. They longed to "see the world," by which they meant, they longed to go to sea as their father did, to pass through what he passed through, and to have a tale to tell equal to his. It was a long time before they could bring themselves to mention this desire to their mother. Many were the tears she shed when she did learn it, and most bitter were her regrets that she should indulge her fond heart in telling the personal history of their father, and in thus sowing the seed whose harvest she was now to gather. From the day they revealed this desire, and by a certain questioning which every mother understands, be her child what he may, she had learned the strength of their desire, she considered her home desolate; and the end of her earthly consolations to have come.

*During the long winter which preceded*

the departure of these young adventurers, they used to spend their evenings in talking over what was now before them. They would use all the sailor language of which they were masters, tell of the places which they would like to visit, of the sights they would see, of the exploits they would perform, and always finish the air-castle by painting their return to their home, their pockets filled with money, their chests with curiosities "for Mother," which would amaze her and all her admiring neighbors, with trinkets not a few, for each and all of their acquaintances, dwellers in the mountains, for twenty miles around.

I cannot tell how it was, but the fact cannot be called in question, that Laura Hill, a neighbor of a mile's distance, happened to be in frequently at the widows's and on being strongly importuned, would stay during the long winter evening and hear these young brothers talk ; nor can I tell any better how it happened that John usually went *down* with this mountain lily, nor how he could

so generous as to promise his school-fellow that when he returned, he would not forget to bring her a "nice new shawl." On such occasions the generous girl would profess to consider such promises and such gifts as of no value in her eyes, and most earnestly, and often most tenderly entreat him, for his poor mother's sake, to stay at home and behave himself. I am not able to say what arguments she used besides, if any; but it is true that John found it quite as hard to resist her's as those of his mother.

But when the spring began to open, and the deep snows on the mountains began to thaw and slide, and cause the streams to raise a roar which was echoed far and near, the young men began to make preparations for their immediate departure. They had manufactured one large sailor's chest, making their father's their model, inasmuch as their mother would on no condition consent to their taking that. They had so far matured *their plans as to enter their names at Port-*

land, as sailors before the mast, in a long voyage.

On a bright morning in May, you might have called at the Widow's, and found every thing looking sad and desolate, as though the abode had been visited by some awful calamity. The cow was lowing in the yard, and wondering, so far as a cow can wonder, why she was neither milked nor turned into the pasture. The pigs were calling for breakfast with voices so loud as to preclude the possibility of any failure of their lungs or their appetite. The chickens around the door were putting in their sharp pleadings. The dog, "Old Rover," was tied up in a back room, and howling. In the "boys' room" sat the widow on their bed, weeping as if her heart would break, while on a trunk known to be John's, sat the kind-hearted Laura Hill, who, knowing that Mrs. Howe would feel lonely and sad, had come early in the morning to the cottage, and was now weeping too—probably out of sympathy.



An old lady, who was rather fond of speering into other people's matters, reported that the damsel was seen to weep even before she got to the widow's, and that John whispered something in her ear, just as he bent over her to bid her good-bye, which made the tears come in torrents; but it seems so improbable that he would have taken that hour to say anything so cruel as to make a beautiful girl weep, that I could not believe more than half the old lady's story. Nor can I believe that she wept, because in the hurry and the excitement of the occasion, John snatched his mother's scissors, and in a twinkling, while she was half refusing and half consenting, cut off a curl of hair which seemed to hang lazily upon her fair, high forehead.

The life of a sailor is a hard one. He exposes his life every moment, and endures fatigues which shortly wear him into old age; or he early yields up his health in a *foreign hospital*, or he is buried in the ocean's

bed. Too brave to ask pity or to complain, we, who dwell in ceiled houses, and sleep in ease while storms rage without, know nothing of his hardships, unless now and then, we chance to read of a shipwreck which occupies, perhaps, half a dozen lines, while a column is taken up in describing the foot and dress of a shameless dancer.

The boys had now been gone over three years. They had been to almost every port which is visited by ships. They had procured another chest for their curiosities, while their mountain chest was shared between them. They had sustained a good character, had saved their wages, had unaccountably resisted the strongest temptations to open sin, and were now on their way home. In the till of their chest was the Bible which their mother put into the chest, and which they solemnly promised that they would read every day till their return, even if it were but "two verses," unless in such a storm that they could not all day go to their chest.

This promise they had faithfully kept, and this was one secret of their power to resist temptations. Another was, that they were not generally both tempted at the same time, or in the same degree; consequently one always had strength by which to aid the other.

They were now on their way home, and hoped that in a few days more, the lofty summit of Mt. Washington would lift itself up in the distant horizon, and in a few days more, they should shout under the window of the Widow's bedroom, and make her rise even at midnight to get their supper. In their new chest they had divers pretty things from foreign shores which they had collected "for mother." In one corner, however, a small parcel was carefully tucked away, containing one of the prettiest shawls to be found in Canton, and which, as James averred, was an 'abominable waste of money'—the only point on which they were known to disagree.

The wind had been southwest, and the

sky overcast during the day and the night preceding. About sunset the captain came on deck to prepare for the night. He gazed at the heavens with an anxious eye.

"Aloft there men !"

In a few moments the men were on the yards.

"Send down the royal masts, and royal rigging — take in the top gallant sails—bear a hand, there's no time to lose."

All this was done, and the ship was under snug sail. The captain himself remained on the watch till twelve at night, when he was succeeded by the mate, and retired to rest. The passengers were all in the cabin, while all the seamen were on deck, except the two brothers, who, on account of having been called to do double duty the night before, were now in the forecastle. All seemed increasingly secure, and the sky seemed to be promising better weather, when the ship was suddenly struck by a squall. The noise awoke the captain, and in a moment he was

on deck with the speaking trumpet in his hand.

“ Mr, Jones, are all the men on deck ? ”

“ All but John and James, sir.”

“ Call them up in a trice—stay—let go the topsail halyards—take hold here, and let go the spanker sheet.”

Before these orders could be obeyed, and in attempting to let go the spanker, the captain lost his hold, and was plunged into the sea, and in a moment the ship was on her beam ends. So unexpected and sudden was all this, that only three passengers had time to escape from the cabin and neither of the brothers from the forecastle. The captain succeeded in regaining the ship, but finding her on her beam ends and apparently completely full of water, he with the remaining passengers and seamen, cleared the long boat, in which they all embarked, in the darkness of midnight. The hours which were to pass before daylight, seemed to move on *wings of lead*. As daylight opened, how-

ever, a ship was providentially seen to the southward, by which they were discovered and taken up. The captain of the new ship turned his course and came near the wreck; but on coming near and seeing that the sea made a complete breach over it, he concluded it would be in vain to attempt saving any thing.

We return to the two brothers. They soon became aware of their situation, flew to the scuttle and made a desperate attempt to remove the booby-hatch, but in vain; the sea was against it, and the water was pouring in on every side. Within a few minutes it required their utmost exertions to keep from drowning. They were in perfect darkness, sometimes, as the ship rolled, under water, with no space of air to breathe in, and nothing before them but the prospect of immediate death. In this situation their minds were filled with horror. They recalled and talked over the past, the days of boyhood, the teachings of their mother, and above all,

the teachings of the Holy Bible. They prayed aloud, by turns, and called upon God, and made the most solemn vows, should he deliver them. Some hours after daylight, they found their way to the bulkhead of the forecastle, when they found two planks loose enough to be removed, and the cargo so much shifted to the leeward as to leave a space sufficient for them to pass into the hold. After being here for some time in total darkness, James succeeded in cutting a hole through the deck with his jackknife, sufficient to admit a few rays of light, but not enough to discover to them any thing which they could obtain to eat. They then gave themselves to fervent, incessant prayers to God, with tears, till they became extremely weak through want of food and sleep. God heard their prayers ; and the hatch was removed from the small hatchway, which enabled them to find some flour and a keg of lard. To these they now got access, and with *these, in some measure* satisfied their hun-

ger. They had now been more than two days and two nights in this awful situation, in almost entire darkness, with hardly any thing answering to food, and at no time with more than two feet of air above the water. During all this time they ceased not to pray in agony of spirit, and never closed a prayer without remembering their "poor widowed mother." But on the third day, when nature seemed almost exhausted, they saw something shine in the water. One of them went under the water and brought it up. It was an axe. With this their strength seemed to return. They succeeded in cutting a hole and once more regaining the deck. Nothing was to be seen but the angry waves. They looked into the cabin and saw it full of water, with the dead bodies of the passengers floating about. They returned thanks to God for this deliverance from a most horrid death, and again renewed their vows. With their axe they now went to work, and by the next day had a raft constructed, con-



sisting of spars tied together, a few pieces of sail, their flour and lard for food, a few iron weights which they found on deck, and which they placed in the middle of their raft for ballast, together with their two chests, which they at last succeeded in finding, and placing on the raft. To this frail vessel they committed themselves, as they saw that the ship could continue above water but a few hours longer, at the utmost.

They were almost exhausted, and could do but little more than spread their tattered sail, and let the wind carry them wherever it would. On the third day after leaving the wreck, John gave out. He could do no more. He lay down, and slept through weakness. But just at night, when the waves began to whiten, and a dark, heavy bank of clouds settled down in the distant horizon, through which, here and there, a gleam of sunshine was seen, James saw a ship in the offing, at a distance. He roused up John, *who had just strength enough left to sit down*

upon his chest. The wind was taking them away from the ship, and James exerted all his strength to take in the sail and hoist a flag of distress, in hopes of attracting the notice of the ship. Oh ! how they prayed to heaven to give them deliverance. But the sky was threatening, the ship was too busy and too distant to see them. She passed away, and seemed to carry with her all hope for the brothers. James sat down and wept; John was beyond that, and felt that his day was nearly closed.

They lay down side by side that evening, for John said he wanted James to be near him. They prayed once more together, in a weak voice, but calmly, distinctly, and tenderly.

“ James, do you think you will ever reach home ? I seem to feel that you will, though I know not why I feel so. But I shall never see another day. But let me ask one question. James, do we now really and fully forgive each other every fault ? Do you forgive me, James ?”

" Yes, from my heart, if I had anything to forgive. Do you, John, forgive me every fault?"

" From my soul I do."

" And now, James, I want, when I am dead, you should wind me up in a piece of a sail, with one or two of those iron weights, that I may sink directly to the bottom of the ocean. Before you thus put me in, I want you should kneel down, and make one prayer over me, asking God to forgive me that I ever left our poor mother, and asking Him to take care of her. Cut off a bit of my hair, and put it with that curl in my pocket-book, in the till of my chest. Keep them together. If ever you get home, oh, James, stay there, and never leave mother again. Give her my best love and my dying prayers. Ask her to forgive me that ever I left her. See if old Rover will get up and go to the door as he used to do when you mentioned my name, when I was gone. When *you go over the river* see if the same stones

---

are there which we placed there, and on which we used to cross. Don't cut down that great butternut tree under which we used to swing, and then, when we were older, sit and read. Help mother to get to meeting every Sunday, and go yourself, Jim. And when you see Laura,—that shawl is spoiled, I suppose, by the salt water—tell her that I talked about her the last evening that I lived, and on this raft. Perhaps she would like to see the locks of hair together in the same pocket-book. One thing more, dear Jim ; when you get home, and I pray God you may, and when you and mother go to meeting on Sunday, and have a paper read from the pulpit giving thanks to God that he spared you, and let you come home. Don't forget to ask our good minister to give thanks that I, who died here and was buried in the ocean, did not die in despair, nor in fear. No; I have been a great sinner, and I am a great sinner ; but the Lord Jesus Christ, who once walked on the waters, has seemed

to come to me, and I seem to hear His voice, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." I commit our mother, and you, and Laura, and my body, and my soul, all to Him, and I die full of peace. We shall meet again, dear James, where there are no winds to blow, no ocean to roll, no death to die, no sin to lament. Come now, let me take your hand, your right hand once more!"

They lay down hand in hand, and wept till both fell asleep. When James awoke the hand of his brother was still within his; but it was cold and stiff. The angel of death had found them on their little raft, and the spirit of his brother was gone. He fulfilled his promise; he did kneel over the corpse, and pray, with many tears, that God would remember the widowed mother—that he would pardon their sins, and especially that He would forgive him and make him fit to follow his brother into the eternal world.

The morning sun rose as fair and beautiful *as if he were to look upon no scene of sor-*

row. But no sail of any kind was within sight. The day passed away, and James felt that if he did not fulfil his next promise to his brother now, it would soon be too late, for his strength was fast going from him. At the close of the day the solitary mourner had his brother wrapped in his winding sheet and ready for the burial. He had cut off a large lock of his hair, had kissed his lifeless lips, had placed the weights in at the feet and all was ready. He once more knelt over the dead, and prayed and wept over one from whom he had never yet been separated. With a lingering movement, and a sad heart, he at length rolled the corpse into the waters, feet foremost. The dark blue deep received it—it sunk at once—the waters closed over it, till the angel's trumpet shall call it into life again.

That day closed, and James felt that before morning he also should be in eternity, and lamented that there was no one to put *him* into the deep, to rest with his brother.

He lay down uneasy and almost expended. He heard the murmurs of the waters around him, sullen and cheerless. He closed his eyes praying for his brother. And then he dreamed. He was at home. The mountain stood near as before ; the Ammonoosuc leaped and murmured as formerly. His mother was there. But the sun seemed to be in an eclipse ; a gloom rested upon every thing. Then there was a funeral. It was that of Laura Hill. Then the vision changed and he himself was to be buried in the coffin with his brother. He could feel that cold touch of the corpse ; but he himself was alive and knew that he was alive, while they were screwing down the coffin-lid, and while they were filling up the grave.

How long he slept James did not know. But when he was awaked, he perceived that he was in a ship's cabin, with a man standing at the side of his berth with kindness in his looks. He had been discovered, probably the next day, by a ship, and was taken off

the raft as it was supposed, dead. But when it was found that he still breathed, the captain had him carried to his own berth, and had every possible attention paid to him. It was two or three days before he so far revived as to be able to communicate his story ; and great indeed was the interest felt for him, when it was discovered that he had been left in the the forecastle of the White Dove, when she was wrecked as above related. The ship which picked him up was outward bound, and hence all hope of his immediate return home, was cut off.

In the meantime the longboat, with the captain and crew of the White Dove, had safely reached New York ; and uncommonly deep was the interest felt in the catastrophe. The story, too, reached the White Mountains, and the widow learned from a sure messenger, even from a letter from the captain, that she was childless. When the letter came, the widow was alone. It had a *black seal*, and she could not open it. She



sent for Laura, the lily of the mountains, knowing that no one could weep with her as she could. They sat down alone to read the letter. It was kind and feeling. It spoke in the highest terms of the character and conduct of the young men. The Widow shed the most tears: but the countenance of Laura was deadly pale. She was always delicate, but now she looked uncommonly unwell. She spoke of him—his character—his prospects—their horrible death—thus to die in the wreck,—she wished they had even a lock of their hair.

There is always something mysterious in woman. We feel that we see and know but a little of what passes within. When man is greatly moved, he rages, or groans, or finds ease in speaking out all he feels; and we are in constant fear that he will say too much. But when woman has the fountains of her soul moved, we only see the angel who troubles the waters. She feels, but *it is buried*, and we mysteriously gaze, and *wonder what is passing within.*

The next Sabbath found Mrs. Howe in her pew. She desired, in a note through the minister, the sympathy and the prayers of her neighbors and friends, in this day of her calamity. And when the man of God lifted up his voice to offer petitions in her behalf, his voice quivered—he faltered, and stopped, and the congregation sobbed as if they were children. Every mountaineer felt; and not accustomed to have their feelings excited, or to give way to them, they had less command over themselves when once the flood-gates of sympathy were opened. It was a place, which might be called Bochim. All noticed that Laura Hill was not present, and no one wondered that she was not.

Nearly a year after this Mrs. Howe went to spend the afternoon at the bedside of Laura. She had been unwell for a long time. That disease which is the destroying angel of this country—the consumption—had selected her as his victim. The Widow often

sat by her bed all day, or during the long hours of night. She knew that she must die; but she was calm, patient, resigned, and had learned when to look for righteousness and salvation. The Book of God was never beyond her reach; and her sweet voice was often heard at midnight, singing the song of Redeeming Love. Sometimes at the earnest request of Mrs. Howe, who always rewarded her with tears, she would sing that exquisite song by Mrs. Hemans—a song, which, if well sung, can never fail to draw tears from the eyes of those who can enter into its meaning—

“Thou art come from the spirit land, thou bird,  
Thou art come from the spirit land;  
Through the dark pine groves let thy voice be  
heard,  
And tell of the shadowy band.

We know that the bowers are green and fair,  
In the light of that summer shore;  
And we know that the friends we have lost are  
there—  
They are there—and they weep no more.

*But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,*

Can those we have loved forget?  
We call, and they answer not again :  
O say, do they love us yet ?  
We call them far through the silent night,  
And they speak not from cave or hill ;  
We know, thou bird, that that land is bright,  
But say, do they love there still ?”

On Mrs. Howe's return to the cottage at the close of the afternoon, she found a man sitting on the great flat stone used for a horse block—the very spot where the boys used to sit and play for hours. He hardly looked up, but was evidently weeping. She went past him, and lo ! two seamen's chests were in the door yard. She turned back, and the stranger rushed towards her, uttering the name of “James” ! A shriek which was echoed from the mountain side was her answer. Had the grave opened and the sheeted dead come up to life, she could not have been more amazed ; for she had supposed, without any shadow of possibility to the contrary, that her sons had been in the ocean's bed more than a year. I cannot tell what sobbings there were ; what explanations ;

what amazement at the leadings of Providence. The news soon spread through the region ; and, before midnight, all her neighbors had come in to rejoice, to hear the story, to wonder and weep with the Widow and her son.

It was not till all the visitors had gone, that the son and mother, left alone, were able to communicate their feelings to each other, on the subject of religion. There can be no description that can convey the mother's feelings, as she knelt down in prayer that night, while her only remaining son poured out his heart in prayer, with a fervency and an eloquence which showed that he must have been taught by the spirit of God.

In the morning James received a message to visit her who was now near the tomb. This was one of his most trying scenes. Every stone and every tree seemed to know him, and to speak to him of his brother. But to go to her whose heart was buried with *him in the deep, deep ocean*, and feed the

flame which was consuming her, was indeed a trial. But he hastened to see her.

The curtain was drawn aside from the window, and all was still, as he entered the room. The once blooming and beautiful girl now lay on the bed, white as the sheets which covered her. She met him with astonishing calmness. They were left alone. He never described the conversation ; but when the door was again opened, there lay on the bed the Bible which the boys had carried away, opened to a place which John had penciled. A shawl, mostly ruined by salt water, but still showing that it must once have been very beautiful, lay also on the bed ; but a pocket-book was in her hand, while on her bosom lay a beautiful lock of hair.

Some thought this interview would kill the poor girl at once ; but this is not woman. She dies by inches. She falls not

“ By the knife

That cuts at once and kills, her lingering ~~strife~~  
Is with distilled affliction ; drop by drop,  
Oozing its bitterness.”

She was calm and sweetly resigned, after this, and seemed to look forward with more undivided attention and affection to the blessedness of heaven, after, than before the return of James.

My story now soon closed. A few weeks after this, poor Laura was carried to the grave. Her sun went down in stillness, in brightness, and in glory, though it set in the morning. Her last breath was the breath of prayer offered in a Savior's name. James and his mother were allowed to walk among the chief mourners. And when a grave-stone was erected, James insisted upon it; that by its side one should be erected to commemorate the worth and the fate of his brother. The inscription said, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death were not divided."

Every word of the dying request of John was treasured up and fulfilled by James to the letter. For many years, he could hardly speak of him without tears; and he always said that

his soul was led to God during the days connected with the shipwreck ; and that the most solemn place this side of eternity, is on a raft at sea, while kneeling in prayer over the corpse of a dear brother, just before burying him in the waves. And the Widow used to say, that next to having two sons, that of having one like James, was the greatest blessing a mother's heart could know.





## INFLUENCE OF A PRAYING MOTHER.

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THE Bible begins with the story of the Redeemer's mercy; but it is only a beginning. The whole history of redemption can never be said to be published, till every name on the pages of the book of life has been read, and the leadings of God's mysterious providence, in regard to each one, have been unfolded in eternity.

Dr. Johnson has somewhere said, that the memoir of *any* man, properly written, could not fail of being useful and interesting. This remark, I am confident, is correct, and especially so, when applied to the history of a redeemed sinner. And I have sometimes thought it might form a part of the employment of heaven, to receive from the lips of each glorified spirit, a history of his life on

earth ; especially that part of it which relates to his conversion and sanctification ; and as these histories are more and more known, so much louder and sweeter will be the song, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty." My own views of the wisdom and mercy of the Saviour have frequently been greatly elevated by hearing individuals relate the dealings of God towards them. And I trust it will be so with the reader of the brief narrative which I am about to present to him.

A few years since I was called from my study to see a stranger. He brought a letter from a friend in Ohio, which stated that he was "a man of the right stamp." His name was JOSEPH W. BARR, then a student at the Theological Seminary at Andover. He was out of health ; had walked nearly thirty miles ; and there was nothing very prepossessing in his first appearance. But a few hours' acquaintance only was necessary to discover that he was a man of a strong,

well-balanced mind, of deep piety, and of a breast full of benevolence. One great object of his visit was to restore his health, which had become impaired by study. But instead of lying upon the couch, taking gentle exercise, and "light medicines," he hired himself out, for the vacation, as a carpenter ; and a better, or more diligent and faithful workman, seldom entered the shop. He received high wages, and the family in which he resided can hardly speak of him, to this day, without tears. On leaving us, he carried away a good stock of health ; and more of the heart and good wishes, and pure substantial tokens of confidence of his Christian friends, than if he had spent his time in any other way. While in my study, one evening, I requested him to relate to me his Christian experience, and the dealings of God in regard to his soul. He began at once, and did it with such simplicity and humility that I was compelled more than once to turn away my head to conceal my

tears. I wrote down the account just as he had related it, as soon as he had left me. It is not merely a true account of his conversion, but, as nearly as possible, in his own words :

Among my first recollections is the image of my sainted mother. We lived at the West, in what was then a howling wilderness, but is now the flourishing state of Ohio. My father was a minister and a missionary, and my mother was every way qualified to be his helper. My father was gone much from home in searching for the scattered sheep of Christ's fold, and could not do much toward forming my character. But my mother ! she was an angel to me. We lived in a log house, and had but one large room ; of course she had no closet there. But there was a beautiful grove a little back of the house, and there, as early as I can remember any thing, I can remember that she took me by the hand and caused me *kneel by her side*, while she prayed aloud

for my absent father and for me. At first I hardly understood it ; but soon learned that God, who dwelt far, far above those high trees, could hear her prayer, and was harkening to her sweet voice. She used stately to lead me there, and always laid her right hand on my head while she prayed ; and feelings of deep awe always came over me. She never omitted this practice while she lived ; and I there had distinct and correct impressions made as to my character, as well as to the character of God.

She died when I was nine years old, and was buried near by. During the most giddy and wicked period of my life, I could never forget these impressions. The grove is cut down now, but the spot seems a hallowed spot. Even since the grove has been gone, and since my mother's grave has become level with the surrounding ground, I have stood on this spot, and her meek image seemed to be before me, and her voice, tremulous with feeling, seemed to come again.

to my ears ; and I have paused there in tears, chained by a remembrance of her faithfulness and her love. No legacy could she have left me half so precious, nor could her features have been more vividly and accurately left upon canvass, than they are upon my memory.

Many years after my mother's death, I was in the hey-day of youth, and in a course of sin truly dreadful. The restraints of conscience were broken, and there was little that could or did check me, except my early education. My mother had died when I was a mere child, and my father was too far off to reach me otherwise than by his prayers. I well remember many seasons of deep conviction for sin, which my stubborn heart resisted or stifled. One night at a ball, whither I went, as I should then have said, for rational and innocent amusement, my conscience was suddenly startled.

I was introduced to a young lady for my *partner who came from a distant section of the*

country. After the dance, in which we were partners, I entered into conversation with her respecting the place from which she came. She gave me many interesting particulars of that then newly-settled place, and among other things mentioned the late sickness of her father, and the many continued kindnesses and attentions of a Mr. Barr, a missionary; stating that Mr. Barr had been to see her father very frequently, and that she felt much attached to him. She knew not my name. I replied, that "Mr. Barr, the missionary, is my father." She started as from an adder. "Your father! *he* your father! *what would he say if he knew you were here!* Had a dagger been thrust into me, I could not have felt the wound more deeply. It spoiled the evening for me. It ruined my peace; and, though I know not that it can be said to have been the means of my awakening from the sleep of sin, yet I am confident it planted a thorn in my conscience, which was not taken out till I had



bowed to God with a broken heart. The giving and receiving of this keen reproof were both, as were, involuntary, and show that neither of our consciences could approve of the employment of that evening, if allowed to speak out without restraint.

A few days after the ball, I was present at a communion. At the table many of my near friends were found. The scene before me, and the thoughts of a future, eternal separation affected me greatly. The sermon, too, reached my conscience ; and I might, at the close of the services, be said to have been under strong convictions for sin. The same day a very devoted Christian was accidentally, or rather providentially, thrown in my way. He began to address me on the subject of my salvation, without knowing any thing of my previous history, or the state of my feelings at that time. Then my heart began to rise with a strength of bitterness which I never knew before. I reproached *him, pointing to the inconsistencies in the*

church ; raved like a madman ; and, while my conscience was grinding me like a mill-stone, I still kept pouring out my invectives. He bore it all with meekness, perfectly unmoved, and, by his gentleness, held up a shield which caused every dart I threw to recoil upon myself. His Christian meekness was too much for me ; I rose up in wrath and left him. Had he given only *one* retort — shown *one* angry feeling, it would have relieved me ; but no, I could find no handle. I went out into the woods, smarting under the wounds which I had been giving myself ; and when I could stand under it no longer, I returned — told my Christian friend my situation and feelings, asked his pardon and begged his prayers. Truly, as Henry Martyn beautifully says, “ And this also I learned, *that the power of gentleness is irresistible.*”

I had now been under deep and pungent convictions for sin for more than three weeks. I could not pray. I could not feel *sorry* for sin, nor hate it, except as it must

bring me to unspeakable ruin. There seemed to be no mercy for me. The heavens were brass, the earth was iron, and I was fast preparing to look up and curse God. Perfectly sensible of my situation, perfectly convinced that I deserved hell, I could not feel regret or humbled. Every feeling of my soul was deep, awakened enmity to the character and government of God.

At length, after struggling with a terrified conscience and the strivings of the Spirit of God, *I determined to take my own life.* It was not the result of a paroxysm of despair, but the cool, deliberate determination of one who dares throw himself upon the thick bosses of the Almighty's buckler.

After coming to this determination, I selected my time and place. Not far from me was a considerable waterfall; thither I went, one beautiful morning, fully resolved to return no more. The waters, dark and deep, gathered themselves together in a narrow channel, and after whirling around vex-

eral times, as if recoiling from the plunge, rushed headlong over a time-worn rock, and fell forty feet or more into a large basin beneath. On that rock I placed myself, prepared to do the deed. I looked down into the great basin, forty feet below me, and there the falling waters were boiling and foaming as if indignant at being thus cast down—fit emblem, I thought, of the helpless raging of the wicked in the world of despair. *But I will now know the worst which God can inflict upon me. I will plunge in, and in five minutes I shall know what hell is, and what is to be my situation for eternity!*

I drew myself back to take the plunge. There was no faltering—no shaking of a single muscle—no sensation of fear. But just as I was in the act of leaping, the hand of Omnipotence seemed to be laid suddenly upon me. Every nerve seemed to be paralyzed, and every bodily function to fail. A cold shivering came over me, and I had not the strength of a child. I turned my face

away, the beautiful sun was shining, and for the *first time* a voice, like that of my departed mother's, seemed to say, "*Perhaps there may yet be mercy for you.*" "Yes," I replied, "*I will seek it till God takes my life!*" And there, on the very spot where I was about to consign soul and body over to endless misery, there the mercy of God found me, and there the first ray of hope visited me. O! I can never think of this temptation without feeling that I have been near the pit; and that man, if left by God, will quickly destroy both soul and body.

Before closing this narrative I will add, that this *interesting* young man lived the life of devoted, consistent, ardent piety. He completed his education, and devoted himself as a missionary to Africa. He was all ready to depart—had taken farewell of his friends, and was, as I believe, on his way to the ship which was to convey him to Africa. He arrived at Richmond, Va. on Saturday night, and was to have preached the next day; but

about midnight he was seized with the cholera, (of which he was the first and only victim in that city,) and after twelve hours passed in indescribable pain, he calmly and sweetly fell into the arms of God's messenger, and was carried to that glorious assembly where the praying mother, we doubt not, welcomed to her everlasting embrace the child of so many prayers.

How mysterious are the ways of God! He raises up pious friends, and leads them to labour, and pray, and go down to the grave, without seeing any good fruit from the plants which they nourish and water with prayers and tears. But, long after they are gone, their prayers are answered and their labours blest. Let no praying mother doubt that her prayers will finally be answered. He is mysterious, too, in that he raises up instruments apparently fitted for great usefulness, and then cuts them off just when they promise to be most useful. But his own glorious plans will go on, and he will raise

up others to take the places of those who are dead. All shall be for the glory of God. O ! the blessedness of belonging to a kingdom which cannot be injured by any changes among such beings as we are. Reader ! if you belong to this kingdom, be up, be doing, be vigilant, be faithful. Your crown is near ; it is sure. If you do not belong to this kingdom, come at once and give yourself to the work of serving God. Repent of all sin, forsake all sin, and that same Redeemer who saved the dear youth of whom I have been speaking, shall be yours.

# THE SOLITARY GRAVE.

A SCENE ON THE OHIO.

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Beneath yon tree where rolls the flood,—  
Ohio's gentle wave,—  
There stands the stone, still marked by blood,  
And there the stranger's grave.

It now rained in torrents, and I took shelter under the branches of a huge hemlock which stood near the bank of the river. Seated upon a decaying log, I was in a fair way to rest, and even to sleep, for not a drop of rain could penetrate the covering of the giant tree whose arms were spread over me. Just then the hunter's dog came bounding towards me, with a cheerful look and wag of the tail which seemed to say, "You



are just what I was looking for." He opened his deep mouth, and a single bay brought his master to my side. His hard, weather beaten, yet kind countenance lighted up as he gave me his sinewy hand; but the smile and the light passed away in a moment as the heat lightning of summer will flash across the whole face of the cloud and be gone in an instant. I had never seen him so moody before, and for a long time sat silently watching him, to see if the clouds which I saw, were those which precede, or those which follow the storm.

In a short time the paddles and the machinery of a steamboat were heard and in a few moments more she was in sight—a vast floating ark, moving with amazing rapidity and grandeur. The shower had driven the passengers under cover, and though she was crowded with human beings, yet scarcely one was to be seen. I gazed upon it as I would upon a moving thing in a beautiful diorama—they were all strangers to me. It

is astonishing to notice how differently we look at a moving steamboat full of entire strangers, from what we do if we know it contains one being whom we know and love ! The boat moved on, as heedless of the hunter, his dog, and myself, as we could possibly be of her. We had not spoken a word since she came in sight ; but just as she rounded a point above and was going out of sight, the old man broke out—

“ Ay, ay, she can double the point safely enough now, and go puffing on as proud as a boy with a new rifle, but I have seen the day when she would not dare go so near that point, or if she did, she would soon be glad to be off at any rate. She’s a great creature though, and goes like a hound.”

“ What are you thinking of, friend Rogers ? What day are you thinking of, when that point was so dangerous ? The trees and the banks look to me as if there had been no great alteration there since your day.”

"No, no, the banks and the trees stand just as they did. I said nothing about them; but you Yankees are always for skinning the bear before you have caught him, and this you call *drawing inferences*."

"Well, well, I own I was on the wrong scent for this once, but do tell me the story, for I cannot but *draw the inference* that you have some story connected with that bend of the river."

At once the face of the old man became sad and melancholy. He was silent again, and I began to repent that I had pressed him. He leaned upon his well tried rifle, and I thought I could see his eye moisten.

"Did you notice that I felt bad when I came and found you here?"

"Yes, I noticed you were silent, but did not know it was because you found me here, trying to keep dry under this hemlock."

"On the wrong scent again! But look this way. Do you see that grave down in *that little hollow* with a stone at its head?"

"I do indeed, and wonder I had not seen it before."

"It's easy to see things when they are shown to us. I have pointed out many a deer to a young hunter when he was just going to see it, and wondered why he had not. But that grave, and that point, and my story are all connected. The story however is short, and now that we are here, I must think it all over again, and I may as well think aloud and let you hear it."

"It was many, many years ago, long before such a thing as a steamboat was heard of, or even dreamed of, that the event happened. I was young then, strong, and full of life and hope; no one seeing me then, would have thought that I should ever become this withered old man."

"As straight as a rifle, and as strong as a buffalo, and with an eye and an ear as keen as an eagle's," said I.

"Yes, I can yet split a ball on the point of a knife at two hundred yards, but this will

not be long. My hand sometimes trembles. but don't you talk, if you want my story."

"Go on, and I will not interrupt you again."

"Well, it is now nearly forty years since I first saw the glorious Ohio. I shouted when I first saw it ; I have loved it ever since, and when I die, I hope I shall be buried on its banks. :

On a certain day I engaged to go down the river to Kentucky, with Captain Ward, as he was removing his family from the east. The journey was long and at best would be tedious. I went as a kind of pilot, for I was well acquainted with the river, and with all points of danger. The country was then full of Indians, and no settlements of any note had been made in Ohio. The whites and the Indians, too, were continually making war upon each other ; I do not know who were the most to blame. The Whites killed the most and the Indians were the *most cruel*.

“We purchased an old, crazy, square built boat, between forty and fifty feet long, and about eight or ten wide. We contrived to spike on a single pine plank on each gunwale, and this was the only thing we had to defend us. We had a heavy load, furniture, baggage, horses, pigs, fowls, and ploughs, besides nearly a dozen people. These consisted of the captain, his wife, and their young children, a widowed sister and her son, besides several men to manage the boat.

“When we left, we were fearful lest the Indians should attack us from the shore, but we knew that by keeping in the middle of the river, we should be beyond the reach of their rifles, or could be in a few moments. Thus we passed on for several days till we supposed we were beyond the haunts of the Indians.

“One day just at sunset, after we had become tired with rowing, we let our boat drift lazily and carelessly along on the cur-

rent. We were just getting ready to put up for the night. The mother was promising the children a good run on the shore. The widow was getting out the provisions, and making arrangements for our supper. The captain and his nephew had hold of the oars, and moved them only just enough to allow me to steer the boat.

"Rogers," says the captain, "suppose we put in this side of that point, and tie our boat to one of those big trees, and there encamp for the night."

"'Tis a right good place captain, and I like it. Besides, I thought a few moments ago, I heard wild turkeys just over the hill, and I should like to have one for supper."

"So we put in towards the shore, and had got within about fifty yards of that point around which the steamboat has just passed, when I heard a stick crack as if broken by the foot.

"A deer," said the captain.

"No, no, I shouted ; row, row for life, or  
**They are all dead."**

“At that instant down rushed scores Indians to the shore, with a shout that made the hills across the river echo it back again. The murderous creatures rushed down to the water’s edge, and presented their guns, and opened a heavy fire upon us. In an instant the young man snatched his rifle, and rising up his full length, fired at the nearest Indian, who had a shaggy head dress. The Indian fell and so did the young man at the same instant. As he fell, his oar dropped overboard, and the rowing of the captain brought the boat round and still nearer. The Indians yelled, the women screamed, the horses were falling and plunging, and bullets were flying thick around us. Yet above it all, the voice of Captain Ward rose clear and cool.

“Rogers, take my oar.”

“I took it; and he at the same instant seized a piece of plank, and rowed to such purpose, that in a few minutes we were out in the river beyond the reach of their rifles.



We knew that they had no canoes, being on a hunting excursion, and that we were then safe.

“But oh ! what a sight ! the horses were all dead or dying, one child badly wounded, the boat half filled with water, and the young man in his blood in the bottom of the boat.

“By this time the coolness of the Captain was all gone. He laid down by the side of his nephew, whom he loved as his own son, and exclaimed, “Oh John ! John ! oh Lord, have mercy ! have mercy ! I have brought the dear boy to this death.”

“But the widowed mother, she was as pale as a sheet ; but she came to her son, raised his head in her lap, and opened his bosom where the blood was coming out still. He is yet alive.

“John,” said she in a sweet voice, as if speaking to a babe, “John, do you know me?”

“My mother,” said he in a whisper.

“Can you swallow, John ?” said she, putting her hand over and dipping up some *water from the river.*

"He tried, but could not.

"My son, do you know you are dying?"

"Yes, mother, but are you hurt?"

"No, no, but don't think of me now. Can you pray with the heart now, my dear son?"

"He looked up a moment, and gasping, said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner for the sake of—'

"Of Jesus Christ," said the mother for he was gone. She bent over him a few moments, as if in silent prayer, then kissed his lips, and for the first time, tears filled her eyes.

"Till that moment you would have thought she had been talking to a little child just going to sleep—her voice was so calm and so mild. She was a widow, and this was her only child, and a noble fellow he was. But she was a religious woman. I never saw religion like that before nor since. It was all—*God has done it, He cannot do wrong!*"

"We lay off in the river till dark, and then silently came to the shore on this side for the night. We dared not to light a can-

dle lest the Indians should see it. We milked our only cow, and fed the children, and got them to sleep. We then brought the body of the young man up the bank and when the moon rose up, we dug that grave which you see yonder. We had to be careful not to make a noise, nor even to weep aloud. But after we had opened the grave and were ready to put the corpse in it, the widowed mother spoke.

“Is there no one here that can offer a prayer, as we bury my only child?”

“There was no answer. We could all sob, but we had never prayed even for ourselves.

“She then knelt down, the widow, and laying her hand on the bosom of her boy, she, in subdued voice, uttered such a prayer as few ever made! She was as calm as the bright waters at our feet. And when she came to pray for all of us—for the poor Indians who had murdered her boy—when *she gave thanks to God*, that he had so long

comforted her heart with such a son, and when she gave thanks that God had given her *such* a son to give back to him—it was awful—we could not sob aloud! You, preachers, talk about sublimity, but if this was not it, I do not know what is.

“ Well, there we buried him and there he sleeps yet. In the morning, I got up at daylight, and came here to place that stone at the head of the grave. It was bloody, for his head had rested upon it. I found the mother was here before me—perhaps she had been here all night. She was trying to do the very thing, and so without saying a single word, I took hold and helped her put the stone at the head of the grave. It is now nearly sunk in the ground, but it stands just as we placed it.

“ When we had done, the widow turned and said, ‘ Rogers,’ but the tears came, and I was thanked enough. I have sat on this very log many times, and thought over the whole scene; and though the mother has

been in the grave many years, yet I can see her even now, just as she looked when she turned to thank me, and I can hear her voice just as it sounded when she spoke to her dying boy. I have never seen *such* religion since."

"Well, Rogers, though you have never *seen* such religion since, because you have never seen such a call upon a christian since, may I not hope you have *felt* something like it?"

"I am an old sinner, and have a hard heart;" and the tears ran down his cheeks.

We conversed a long time, and it was good to do so. As we rose up and cast a last look upon the grave and upon the spot where the Indians fired, I said—

"Rogers, would you like a picture of this story?"

"I have it, sir, on my heart, and need no other; and yet, perhaps my children could understand it better if they had one. But the story don't need a picture."

"No, nor would the picture need the sto-



## LONG LAKE.

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**"AND NOW SHE IS PLANTED IN THE WILDERNESS."**  
*Ezekiel.*

IN the upper part of New York, between the St. Lawrence, the Mokawk, and Lake Champlain, is an almost unbroken wilderness of perhaps one hundred and fifty miles long, and one hundred wide. It is the region of mountains, several of which are but little inferior to the White Mountains in New Hampshire. As you pass down Lake Champlain you find yourself turning from the beauties around you, and throwing your eyes upon the outer row of these solitary dwellers, and trying to pierce their rich blue curtains to see what lies beyond them. These lofty points gather the clouds of course, which pour down their rains and make it the home

of storms. These rains and snows demand reservoirs to hold their waters. And these, in the shape of a multitude of most beautiful lakes and ponds, the hand of God hath dug. Here is the birth-place of rivers and floods. The Hudson, the Black, the Oswegatchie, the Beaver, the Racket, the Saranac, the AuSable, and the Bouquet, all rise here, high up among lakes that are nearly 2,000 feet above Champlain. Most of these lakes are surrounded and fed by beautiful ponds. The upper Saranac, for example, is surrounded by forty-two ponds, some of which are five or six miles in length. It will be recollected that it was on the banks of the Saranac, that our sweet daughters of song, the Davidsons, lived and sang.

#### THE FIRST VISIT—1841.

Early in the month of September, 1841, in company with a learned friend, whose accurate skill has measured these mountains *and these waters*, I first visited and became

acquainted with this wilderness. Nearly in its centre, we came to a beautiful sheet of water—the Long Lake—which is about twenty miles long, and from half a mile to three miles wide. It is studded with islands, and surrounded by a heavy forest, and in the warm sky of summer, seems like a fairy land. Scattered along towards the head of the lake, we found a little community of eight or nine families. They were here alone, shut out from the world. The hunter's axe alone had marked the trees when they came. They lived in their little log-houses and their little boats were their horses, and the lake their only path. If they wanted to call a physician, or to go to a store, or even to get a bushel of rye ground, they must follow a wild foot-path between forty and fifty miles to get out. A pocket compass was used as frequently as by the sailor. They were skilful in taking the moose, the deer, and the salmon-trout, and these were their world. But even here



Death had followed and found them, and they had buried their flower, a girl of sixteen or seventeen years of age, just before we got there. The mother pointed me to the spot where they had cut down the lofty trees, that the sunlight might come in and rest upon the grave of the solitary sleeper. There was no knell, and no minister, and no prayer at her funeral—for there was no one to speak for God. Men had gone there to survey lands, to buy and sell, to hunt and fish, but no one to care for the soul. It was Saturday when we arrived, and as soon as it was known that a minister had come, two of the young ladies sprang into a little boat, and rowed round to let the families know of the event. The ladies there can row and manage a boat as well as they can a horse in other places. In thus calling on their neighbors, they must have rowed twelve or fourteen miles. The Sabbath morning came, and no hounds were sent to chase the deer. No fish were caught. The loons

screamed unmolested. It was the first Sabbath ~~that~~ ever broke upon the lake, and I was to preach the first sermon. We met—the little boats coming up, some rowed by a father with all his family in it, some by the sisters, and some by the little brothers; and one huge bark canoe, with an old hunter who lived alone many miles further in the wilderness. We met in a little log house, covered with hemlock bark. Men, women, children, and dogs, were all there. We could not sing, for none had learned the songs of Zion in a strange land. I preached the first sermon which that wilderness ever heard. In the afternoon we met some four or five miles up the lake, to accommodate one who was feeble. They were all there again. Our woodsman now recalled a half hunting tune or two, and so we had singing. Oh! what a meeting was that! They hung on the lips. They wept and remembered the days and privileges they once enjoyed. They came around like children, and promised that if I

would "come in" and stay with them, they would leave off hunting and fishing on the Sabbath and become good! And when we passed through the mighty forest, never yet degraded by the axe, down to the little bay, and when we all shot out of that sweet little bay together, in our little boats, parted there, they broke out and sang,—

People of the living God,  
We have sought the world around,  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

Now to you our spirit turns,  
'Turns, a fugitive unblest ;  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
Oh ! receive us into rest.

The sun was just going down, the lake was clear, smooth as a mirror, and beautiful beyond description. I had urged them to assemble on the Sabbath, and read sermons, and keep up the forms of worship. But they said there was no one who could read well enough except Mr. S., "and he swore so like the Evil One, they did not want to hear him *read sermons.*" I could not but weep—for

when would they meet again, when would they hear another sermon, and who would care for these few sheep in the wilderness? I never expected to see them again.

#### THE SECOND VISIT—1842.

I had not heard from Long Lake for a whole year, and on the return of the annual vacation which my people kindly allow me, I felt an unspeakable desire to see them again. About the middle of August, 1842, I was accordingly once more penetrating the wilderness. Our course was from Lake Champlain west over the most "unsmooth" mountain that I ever passed, for about fifty miles, when we struck the Saranac. Here we procured a little boat, such a one as a man can carry on his head through the woods, from river to river, and from lake to lake. Here, too, we left the habitations of men, and entered the wilderness. Our course was up the Saranac waters, through its beautiful lakes, and passing the spot where was once

a village of the red men, we entered upon the ponds which empty into the Racket river—near whose head is Long Lake. We must carry our provisions, and of course sleep upon the ground, *sub dio*. This did very well when it was good weather ; but when we had rain, day and night, for six days, we found it not quite so comfortable. There were but three in our company, and one of these was sick, very sick, and we began to form plans how we could carry him out on a rude bier, and even to ponder over the more gloomy picture of digging a grave in the wilderness. But after some days of anxiety, God graciously raised him up, and we could go on. It was Saturday again when we reached the lake. I had procured some tracts and a few books, as many as I could well manage to carry over the “carrying places,” and now made them into as many little parcels as there were families on the lake. I found they had now increased to eleven and almost sixty souls.

While my friend who had been sick and our woodsman were gone to find a camping place for our home during the Sabbath, I got a little boy to row me up the lake; and the first little boat we met, was the boat of Mr. S., (the man who was so profane that they did not want to hear him read sermons,) containing his family, on their way to a *Temperance meeting*. It was then that I learned that there was need of this. I told them I could not conceive what need there could be for temperance societies away up in that wilderness. But they said that before they had a road, before they could get flour or comfortable food, they used to get in whiskey by the barrel! On the fourth of July, 1842, they formed a temperance society, and now, as I understood, all the little community belong to it, or act on its principles. I visited every family, having a little book and a small parcel of Tracts for each. Oh! how eagerly and joyfully and gratefully they received me and the little parcel! They had

not seen a minister, nor heard a sermon since I was there last year. But the spirit of God had been there ; and that Mr. S. who was so profane, had, it was hoped, without human instrumentality, been led to Christ. He had become a new creature, had family worship, and was ready to do good. Some who had been professors in other years, and in other places had been revived. They had established a Sabbath school, and in it was every child of suitable age, and around it all were clustering on the Sabbath ! In all things there was evident and striking improvement. Some new families had come in, and among them some professed Christians. The State too, is aiding to open a road to them, and shortly there will be a travelled road in and out, and then the beautiful lake will be filled up with inhabitants. I reached our camp late in the evening, and the little boy who had rowed me at least twelve miles greatly preferred to have a book rather than money for his *compensation*. I gave him Abbot's Child

at Home. I found one woman, a mother of little children, very sick, without physician, or medicines, or nurse. But the neighbors, five miles off, were ready and prompt to watch with her, and do all in their power for her. There had been no death among them the last year, and no one had gone to join the sleeper in her forest-circled graveyard.

The Sabbath again broke in silence and beauty. At the appointed hour we were on our way to church—and swiftly along came the little boats, stopping here and there just long enough to drink at the spring which gushed out of the mountain at the edge of the lake, or to pluck the wild water-lily, instead of the rose, for a nosegay. They were all there except the sick one. How still and solemn, and appropriate their behavior! How eagerly they listened! How kindly they received the Word, and hung around the door all day, not one going away for food during the intermission. And what an intermission was that! I spent it in con-



versing with them, and trying to lay such plans as would be permanent. The Sabbath school was held in the mean time. In the afternoon there stood a bowl of water on the little stand by the side of a small new Bible. What could I do? They were here alone. I knew of no church or minister within 60 or 80 miles, and knew it would be out of the question to get a council there. So I took upon myself the responsibility of going forward. There were eleven ready—five men and six females—and so, at the close of the service, I organized them into a church of God, by the name of “*The First Congregational Church on Long Lake.*” I baptised eight of their children, including six little boys belonging to Mr. S., who, with his wife, was among those who wept for joy and trembled in weakness on this occasion. It was a most solemn occasion. It was the most solemn season I ever witnessed. And when in the name of my own church, and in the name of the beloved churches of New

England, I gave them ~~the~~ the right hand, I felt safe in assuring them that we should remember and sympathize with this young and feeble sister, who was thus "now planted in the wilderness." I ventured to assure this little flock that we would not forget her ; that we would pray for her, and would minister to her spiritual wants. They promised to have a weekly prayer meeting every Friday afternoon, to hold up the Sabbath by means of the Sabbath school, and to have sermons read on the Sabbath, as soon as they could get some that are suitable, and to pray that God would in his own time and way send them a pastor. When I reached home and told the story, the children of my Sabbath school immediately set about making a collection to send them a Sabbath School Library. I am now wishing to send them books of a high order, and as soon as may be ; and if any friend of Zion shall commit money or books to me, thinking I shall refuse them, he will find himself mistaken. I wish

to supply them with good books, till the time comes when they can have a minister of the gospel. As soon as the road is open, population will roll in, and I may yet live to see the day when a church shall be erected on one of their beautiful islands, and a hundred little boats lie moored around, while they keep holy time. What a day will that be ! and how sweet will be the notes of the church-going bell, as they float up and down and across these beautiful waters, and are echoed from the mountains which stand around and glass themselves in the lake ? This little church is to be at the head of a great population ! May the handful of corn scattered upon the mountains, shake like Lebanon. I left the little band feeling feeble, though they were not forsaken, and believing that a brighter day is to come to them. Two little boys, whom I had baptized, rowed me down the lake very late Sabbath night, after the labors of the day, *to my camp*, and after they had landed me,

for a long time I could see their little forms in the boat, as they turned to go back to their home. They rowed away in silence and in the darkness, but I knew they were under the eye of Him to whom they had been given that day, and that they were safe. Though we were sick, and out for twenty days and nights without shelter, and in storms, I felt on my return, that it was all nothing in comparison with the joy of that Sabbath, in which the little church was "planted in the wilderness."

#### THE THIRD VISIT—1843.

The fact is new and seems strange to many that there should be in the North Eastern part of New York a wilderness almost unbroken and unexplored, embracing a territory considerably larger than the whole State of Massachusetts; a territory exhibiting every variety of soil, from the bold mountain that lifts its head up far beyond the limit of vegetable life, to the most beautiful meadow

land on which the eye ever rested. This territory, when as thickly inhabited as is Massachusetts, will contain over a million of inhabitants. It is for the most part primitive soil, composed of ranges and groups of lofty mountains and deep valleys, with beautiful intervals along side of the rivers, which have been washed down from the sides of the mountains. When the day shall arrive in which these forests shall be cut down, and along the lakes and valleys and around the base of these glorious mountains there shall be a virtuous, industrious and Christian population, I have no doubt it will easily support a million of people. Here are forests almost interminable, timber of great beauty and abundance ; iron ore in quality very rich, and in quantity inexhaustible ; water-falls of great height, yielding any amount of power and in all directions. Say what we will about the fertility and the glories of the everlasting flats of the West, the *primitive soil* is associated with what man

loves and what makes men. It is connected with the blue mountains and the pure air which flows over them. It is associated with the leaping brook, the gushing waterfall, and the pure waters which come rushing down from their mountain home, with manufactories and industry, thrift, health, a bracing climate, and a virtuous community. Who would feel that if New England could, at a word, exchange her hard hills, her granite mountains, and her severe climate, for the rich, exuberant plains and sunny climes of the south and west, that the exchange would not be most disastrous to the happiness of the present and of future generations?

The grandeur and the number of mountains in this wilderness is almost incredible; while the lakes defy any attempts at description. Of these there are more than *two hundred* whose names I know, and with whose location I became acquainted, counting none whose diameter is under about two miles,

while some of them are fifteen, and eighteen, and twenty miles the longest way. Most of these lakes are embosomed among mountains which seem to hang round them like rough, but stern guardians. The highest of these, Blue Mountain Lake, (or, as I believe, now called Lake Emmons, in honor of that distinguished Geologist) is over eighteen hundred feet higher than Lake Champlain. It would take a man in vigorous health, using all the strength and diligence which he could possibly command, at least six months, to visit all these lakes so as to obtain any tolerably correct notions of them. My friend, the Rev. Mr. Allen, and myself, visited only *twelve* of them in four weeks of wilderness life, aided by a most intelligent guide, enduring a fatigue that was great indeed. The scenery on these lakes is grand and beautiful beyond any thing of which I ever conceived. The lakes of Scotland have been celebrated of old in story and in song; but the time *will come*, I doubt not, when these lakes will

become the most interesting resort to be found in this country, for the great, the rich, the curious and the fashionable. Most of them are surrounded by forests which grow down to the water's edge, and glass themselves in mirrors which reflect every leaf; most are studded with romantic islands covered with the mighty forests where the eagle finds a home unmolested, unless, peradventure, the hunter causes the smoke of his camp to curl up among the trees and scares him from his eyrie. The shores are a mixture of bold, iron-bound, and bays of sandy beach, like those of the Upper Saranac, Tupper's Lake and Long Lake; or they are rectangular, unique, majestic and indescribable, like those of the Racket Lake. Of all the sheets of water upon which my eyes ever rested—I say this after having passed through Lake George four times, and among the “thousand islands” of the St. Lawrence twice, under the most favorable circumstances—none will compare with Racket Lake, for sublime and



mysterious beauty. Two hunters have selected this spot as their permanent home, where they have built the hunter's lodge of bark, and adorned it with the antlers of many an old stag, and many a trophy of the art and skill of man over the instincts of the forest; and if they have an eye to the grand or the beautiful, I did not wonder at their choice. Suppose you follow the Racket river up south from Long Lake, now on its waters, and now carrying your boat and baggage for miles through the forest, wearied and ready to sink down under the fatigue, yet at once you revive and forget it all, when you look forward for miles through what would seem to be an opening made by square and compass through the forest, while through that opening you see the Lake spreading out into space unknown at the time, with fairy-looking islands, that seem to float on the surface of these glorious waters. But Racket Lake is not alone in its power to create deep emotions of the soul.

*Suppose you are out on the Big Tupper's*

Lake in your little boat, so frail and light that your guide can carry it on his head for miles through the wilderness. You look up the lake and see islands extending for miles in length, and then in the long distance, say ten miles off, you see the white pathway of the Bog River as he comes out of his dark solitude, and tumbles headlong down the everlasting rocks, leaping into the lake and lost forever! Then your tiny boat floats under an island whose perpendicular height of solid rock must be hundreds of feet, and which seems falling on you, while you know that the dark waters beneath your boat are at least eighty feet more! Or suppose you come up Lake Champlain and propose to enter this wilderness as the Indians used to do, by following one branch of the Au Sable and going through "the Indian pass." Your journey is wilder and wilder till you reach the magnificent gorge through which the Au Sable pours its mountain waters, and where the *perpendicular* rocks are one thousand

*high!* Under these everlasting battlements you may stand and look upward in silent amazement ; or you may go to the top and creep out and look off, shuddering and shivering, and feeling that you have hitherto known what *emotion* meant only by name.

Besides these spots which now occur to me, the hunters will tell you of some vastly more marvellous, but which, not having seen, I dare not describe. On the blue Mountain Lake, however, you will find a great curiosity in the islands whose foundation is white limestone or marble. Many of these rocks present beautiful arches, as regular and true as if chiseled out by man, and large enough to receive your boat and conceal it from the eye without. These arches are formed by the action of the waters. The philosophy of its wearing in this particular shape I did not learn.

This wilderness is a vast forest. The most common trees are the sugar maple, white and Norway pines, spruce, hemlock, beach,

some ash, and the white cedar. Perhaps the trees named first and last are the most common. The white cedar grows down to the water's edge around the lakes, forming a splendid fringe, while every few rods the mountain ash (*moose-mosse* of the Indians) peeps out in its own peculiar loveliness. The wild animals found here, are the moose, the deer, the panther, the fisher or the wild cat, several species of the wolf, the bear, the otter, the sable or martin, the muskrat, and perhaps a few of the beaver are left. Before the white man came, this was from time immemorial, the rich hunting ground of the Indians. Several tribes seem to have occupied parts of it, such as the St. Francois, the St. Regis, the Caghnewaughna and the Mohawk. On this ground they sought their food, and furs, and fish, and often met in hostility, waylaying and destroying one another in the depth of the forest. The stories of their cunning encounters and stratagems are deeply interesting. I learned some which

would, in the right hands, furnish materials for a poor novel. On an enchanting spot of ground between the waters of the Saranac and the Racket, the St. Francois tribe once had a flourishing village. They cleared it and planted their corn there; but they were destroyed by the Mohawks.\* You can see where their houses once stood, and where the corn waved. The tall pines, too, that now sigh over the lonely spot, bear the marks of the Indian boy's tomahawk. Just below where he girdled the young sapling it branched out into two parts, while the stem on which his hatchet fell, is still left in its dead state, ~~but~~ bearing the marks of his strength. The forest, too, has overgrown their little grave-yard at the lower end of the lower Stony Pond east of Turtle Island. The loon raises his indescribably lonely notes near the spot, but no Indian will now pass the Island towards the grave-yard. The red man is about going from this wilderness. I

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\*See Appendix A.

met with some four or five only in all my wanderings. The white man next came in to hunt and still continues to come but the pioneer settler is on his way, and the race of hunters—a peculiar race of men, having much in their character to admire, as well as much to condemn—is doomed to pass away. It is a study; and, did my limits allow, I should like to sketch their character. Possibly I may hereafter attempt it.

I am frequently asked why this country has been overlooked and left unsettled? Many reasons may be assigned. One is, the extreme difficulty of getting into and out of it. If, as I have stated, these waters are from 1600 to 1800 feet above Lake Champlain, it follows that there must be many falls of water, sometimes extending for miles, around which you must carry every thing. No roads are cut, and the shoulders must carry all. Another reason is, it has been considered a cold, Alpine region, where, as the British soldier who wrote home con-

cerning the New England climate, in revolutionary times, "they have six months of hard winter and six months of awfully cold weather." How this may be after the forests shall have been cleared off, I cannot tell; but at the present time, I am confident that the winters are colder, and the spring is later than in Massachusetts. And a third is, that while the open, level, fertile vales of the West are so abundant and so cheap, the emigrant has every temptation to push on across the mountains. The townships are ten miles square, and are usually owned by men who live at a distance, who open no roads, and who too often entrust their business to agents who have not comprehension of mind enough to induce a thrifty population to enter the wilderness. The lands, too, are held too high; for none but poor men can be induced to go in at first and endure the hardships of pioneer life, and such men ought not to pay much for *their little wild farms.*

If you go in merely to see the lakes and mountains, you have a task before you and a fatigue which few can be willing to endure. You ~~must~~ have an experienced hunter for a guide and aid, or you are lost—a melancholy tale I have to tell on that point. You must carry your boat and the *et ceteras* consisting of the axe, the kettle, frying pan, bread, flour, tea, blankets, tent, guns, hooks and lines, and the like. You sleep on the ground, of course, and eat what you carry in—and are shortly very glad to say little about the cooking. Your boat must carry what is equivalent to four or five men, and yet not weigh over one hundred pounds. Then after you are equipped, what with the fatigue, the sleeping on the ground, the gnats, the coming short of provisions, the heavy rains which seem to come down in sheets, your lying down and rising up wet to the skin—the journey is a fearful one, and fatiguing beyond what language can describe. What must it be, then, to go in a settler,

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and make your home in these solitudes?

About in the centre of the wilderness is LONG LAKE, on which is a little community of fourteen families. It was to see these that I have just made my third visit to the wilderness; and it is to describe this visit that I take my pen. Would the reader like to know how to "camp out" in the heart of the wilderness, without a soul within scores of miles? how to cook, how to starve, and how to catch a deer to keep from starving? I can enlighten him on these points.\*

On my return from the wilderness in 1842, I gave my own people and the public an account of the community on Long Lake, the little church planted in the wilderness, and the nature of their wants. In consequence of those statements, my Sabbath School contributed their little offerings and procured a library for the children of the forest at an expense of \$42. Friends here and elsewhere also aided, so that we also sent a library for

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\*See Appendix B.

the church well selected and in good order. To these we added a box of medicines, carefully put up, with written directions for using them. The whole were worth something over \$200. These were sent late in the fall, so that they reached the borders of the wilderness just before the great heavy snow in December. On hearing of their arrival, one man went out with a team after them. He was gone nine days and as many nights, plunging in the snow and breaking his path ; sleeping on the snow in the wilderness ; yet he says " he was so joyful for the books that he thought nothing of all the rest." It was Saturday when the treasures arrived. On the Sabbath the news spread, and the Wednesday following was appointed for the community to meet and open the books. Before that day arrived, however, a great rain fell, so that the water on the ice of the lake, their only road, was over shoes—cold ice water ! and yet, in their own simple language—" Most all attended."

Some had to come five or six miles and carry their little ones in their arms, and wade in the water over shoes. "When all got together, the libraries were opened and all had a view of the gift. The letters found in the boxes was read ; prayers was attended, and a hymn sung ; and then a Bible or Testament was presented to all who was destitute."

Probably the two situations in which human nature is the most severely tried are, the crowded, hurried life of a great city, and the pioneer life in the wilderness. The contrast between the two would be striking, but the results as to temptations would be found to be very similar. As you enter the forest for a home you are supposed to be poor. You have no house. There are no saw-mills and so you must build your house of logs, perhaps without a floor. You have to live on what you carry in for the first year, and till you can cut down the forest, and raise your grain. But then you have no mill by *which* you can grind it. You have no gar-

dens for several years ; no fruit of any kind till the wild raspberry grows up on your clearings. You have no schools for your children, no physician when you are sick, no society except as one and another comes in to find a similar home. You are shut away from public opinion, you have no institutions of heaven there ; you are pinched by poverty and hardly know how to procure food and clothing for your family. You are as completely shut away from the world as if on the ocean. The arrival of a stranger is a great event. My mind now recalls a circumstance which made a deep impression on me at the time. My friend and myself were alone on the sandy beach of the Blue Mountain Lake. An island lay in front of the little bay, and concealed the most of the lake from our view. Our experienced guide had gone up the mountain a mile or two on some errand, for food. While alone, we heard the report of a gun repeated three times in succession, as fast as it could be

loaded. We knew it was the forest signal that some one was seeking us. We fired a gun in reply, as in duty bound. The signal gun was at a great distance. In about half an hour it was repeated, and we repeated the answer. It was now nearer, but the island concealed all from the sight. Who could it be seeking us in that lone spot? Had sickness or death overtaken our friends at home, and had a messenger followed us so far? Then came the clear, long-drawn wh-o-o-p, wh-o-o-p, wh-o-o-p! By this time our guns had recalled our guide, who came bounding down the mountain as nimble as a deer, and with the strength of a buffalo. In a moment he shot off in the boat to meet the new comer. How did our hearts beat while he was gone, lest he should bring us heavy tidings from home! And how did we breathe easy when we found it a young Indian and his squaw, of the St. Regis tribe, who had come all the way from Canada in his bark canoe to seek a younger brother!

I return to the history of my third visit. We arrived on Saturday, and were welcomed with a smile and a warm greeting by all. On Sabbath morning, before we had eaten our simple breakfast—for our humble tent was pitched, as usual, in a retired little bay—we were visited by those who wished to tell their trials and their troubles and receive advice. At ten o'clock, the little boats came along down the lake, looming up in their peculiar atmosphere, and looking sometimes twice as large as they were, and sometimes looking double—one boat above the water and a second below it. We assembled in a little school-house, made of round logs, with moss stuffed between. It had but one roof which was composed of spruce bark. Two very small windows admitted just light enough to show that the house was entirely full. It was just a year since I had preached to them last, and in that time what had they and I passed through! Before a word was said there were many

tears shed. Here were the little community all gathered in this school house, in a small opening made by cutting down a few trees of the tall forest. I shed tears to meet this little flock, so lonely, so shepherdless, once more; and they wept that I should come so far to see them. At noon the few members of the church met and agreed to have the Lord's Supper administered on the next Sabbath. Also, that we should return from a distant excursion and meet with them on Saturday, to lay plans for their good. It may seem a small circumstance to mention, yet I cannot help saying that I used *written* sermons a part of the time—to show them the difference—telling them the difference was like their rifles. Extempore preaching was like throwing in the charge in any manner, while writing was like the same rifle with the charge accurately measured and carefully rammed down.

On the Saturday morning following, we *were between* five and six miles from

them, and a dense, blind forest lay between us and them. Yet so anxious were they, that two of their number came all the way after us, and then, taking our heavy packs, they turned back and we followed them, the longest and most wearisome walk I ever took. On coming together in the afternoon, it was apparent to all that they, small as they are, could never have things as they should be, until they can have a stated pastor. To this point we turned all our thoughts. Now it must be recollected that they are a regularly incorporated town; that they are mostly from New England, and that many of them left their homes and fled into this wilderness because they were becoming inebriates, and wished to get away from temptation; for though they had virtue enough to see their danger and strength enough to flee, yet they had not enough to resist. They had found themselves alone in the wilderness. When I first saw them they had no Sabbath; it was the great day



of hunting, fishing, and games. Now they desired nothing so much as to have the Sabbath, the institutions of religion, and especially a pastor. The first thing needed was a central and convenient place in which to worship. On examining this point, one of their number, whose lot happens to be the central lot in the town, offered to give an acre of ground, cleared and in good condition, on a point which projects into the Lake; and where a little meeting-house could be seen, looking up or down the Lake. This offer was accepted, and to encourage them, my friend and myself promised that we would be accountable for some aid, while our woods-man was so aroused, that, though he had not eaten since before day-light, and had been hard at work, yet he was thankful to be with them and pledged his \$5 to help on the work. We next appointed a committee to write to the landholders and ask them if they will not of their abundance give a lot or a part of a lot of land, to

be forever held by the church for the use of the minister—"for," said they, "though we have no money, yet if we had a farm and a minister, we could cultivate his land and make him comfortable for food."

Then came the second and last Sabbath we could be with them. For the first time in the wilderness was the little table brought out to be spread for the Lord's memorial. Knowing their situation, our ladies at home had put up two napkins, and sealed up a little bottle of wine for the communion-table. Over a common plate and tumbler were these napkins spread. Four (two husbands and their wives) were added to the little church, and their four children baptized. It was a solemn and most affecting time. The sight was never seen there before. They came with tears to the table of the Lord. There were no officers, and so our woodsman, a professor of religion himself, was our deacon to hand round the simple and beautiful "emblems of a Saviour's love." Small

as was our number, we never expected all to meet again ; and these poor sheep, when would they have bread broken to them again ? I need hardly say that we promised that we should forget neither them nor their " little log meeting-house, thirty feet by twenty-eight." I hardly ever had feelings so sad as when I left this flock in the deep wilderness—with no mills to give them food—no physician within sixty miles—no minister of education and judgment as near as that—and no prospects that were cheering—what could I do more for them ! There were doubtless hundreds of flocks in the wilderness equally destitute : but of them I knew nothing. But these I did know—soon to be the foundation of a great community, and to give shape and character to the population which shall one day fill this vast region.

By the time I reached home, the children *of my Sabbath School* had collected another *handsome purse* for the use of Long Lake

—enough to support a missionary for six Sabbaths. Providence shortly sent us a young man, and we sent him in for ~~us~~. He is a well educated, balanced man, and they speak of him almost as if he were an angel. As his six Sabbaths are out, I am trying to raise funds to keep him there longer, and the prospect is so good that I have written to him to hold on for the present ; but *before* he received this letter, he wrote me that he must and should stay longer, whether he received any compensation or not. He is just the man for the post. He preaches frequently, has organized a fine young ladies' Bible class, re-organized the Sabbath school, and put every wheel in motion there ; is forming the adults into a Bible class, and is reviving and improving the singing. They have already got so far that they think they had better have a *framed* meeting-house instead of the log one proposed, and they are praying that their minister may stay with them. I have received some do-

nations towards aiding in building the church—one of which is from a Sabbath school in Philadelphia. It seems indeed as if the Star of Bethlehem was about to make this a bright spot, and as if the wilderness would bud and blossom as the rose. Should any wish to aid my little plans by contributing either to put up the little church or to support the ministry among them, I should be very glad, and doubt not they will be abundantly rewarded by the Savior at the great day.

I remarked that only one of the settlers had found a grave—that is still true; and yet there are two graves there. The one containing the daughter then described; the other a brother of one of the settlers. He came in to visit his brother. After being there some days he went out on the mountains west of the Lake—all of which are covered with mighty forests. He took a dog with him. The night came, and he returned not; the next day and no tidings of him. *They then began to search for him.—They*

fired guns, kindled fires, and searched, but to no good end. At the close of the third day, the dog returned home, with his throat partly cut. They then understood the whole. The poor man was lost—was starving—and had tried to kill the dog for food ; but the dog was too strong for a starving man, and had got away alive. They continued the search day after day, but with no success. The ice covered the Lake, and the winter came on—went past—and spring returned. Then they found the lost brother. He had wandered no one knows whither, and had just strength to drag himself down to the Lake, where he lay down and died of starvation. Nor is it strange.—Once lost in that forest, I should have very little expectation of ever finding my way to the habitations of men. Even while we were in the wilderness this summer, a man was lost and was dying of hunger, within four miles of us. His body has since been found. The reason is obvious. *When you have once entered the wilderness*

there is no such thing as seeing any thing for thirty rods before you. A mountain might be just by you and it could not be seen ; and after you are once confused, there is no recovering self-possession. No one should venture beyond Long Lake without an experienced and trusty guide. I have no expectation of seeing the day when this great wilderness will have given way to cultivated farms, and to a teeming population. But such an event will ere long be brought about, and if by any feeble efforts of mine the foundations of that society might be laid on the word of God, I should feel that it was not in vain that a peculiar providence first led me there.

#### THE FOURTH VISIT—1844.

The formation of the vast wilderness in the upper part of New York is so very peculiar that it cannot be understood by one or even two visits. On what side soever you *approach it, every thing is forbidding.* The

lofty and barren mountains frown on all sides. If you enter from Lake Champlain, the bold peaks of the Keene mountains and the hard stony soil make you dread what is to come. If you enter on the west from Potsdam, you meet with a frightful belt of land. The region seems like a porcupine, and the quills bristle in every direction. If you once get into the wilderness your first desire is to get at some Lake, and in a little boat follow the waters, as this is the only way you can travel any distance. But the land around most of the Lakes, and next to them, is like the land lying next to Lake Champlain, rocky and stony, and forbidding. You must go back one tier of lots to find the good land. It has been intimated that there is but little good land in this immense forest. I wonder at the traveller who can say this. Did he ever follow the Racket River from Long Lake down to the Big Bogs, and see the valley it creates? Did he ever look at the two hundred acres where the Indians



once had corn on the shore opposite the mouth of Stony Brook? Did he ever pass through townships No. 24 or 25, where the river winds and is twenty-two miles in advancing ten? Did he ever view the land near Fish Creek on the Upper Saranac lake, and between that and the St. Regis? Did he ever see the land at Cold River, or the township which lies south of Great Tupper's Lake, or the land on the Racket Lake, or that which lies between Mud Lake and Handsome Pond? I think I might ask this question of at least twenty townships, each ten miles square, which we visited and pronounced among the most beautiful land we ever beheld. Let no man think he can explore this wilderness in a few days or even weeks. The Rev. Mr. Allen and myself have spent two vacations in it, and very few men ever labored more severely. At our last visit we penetrated between eighty and ninety miles after leaving the last habitation of man. I believe out of the two hundred


lakes which are already known, we visited only twenty-four in the two visits ; and to do that, we worked early and late, camped where the night found us, and ate what we could obtain and when we could obtain it. We probably, including our return, travelled over three hundred miles in the forest at each visit. I think I speak advisedly, then, when I say that though it is an Alpine region, a country of mountains and rocks, of lakes and ponds, a region of storms and long winters, yet after all, there are immense tracts of as beautiful land as need be, and such as will not suffer by comparison with the best any where found. Much of it,—nay, most of it,—was never visited except by the hunter.

Suppose you were to take a triangular board having the sides about equal. On this board you may throw balls of melted wax ; throw them on any how and any where ; if they fall one upon another, so much the better, only observing that you must have

the most balls near the sides of your board. Now gently pour on water, till you have two hundred little ponds, and some twelve or fifteen rivers running from them. Then cover all, except the waters, with little trees—making one uninterrupted forest and you have this wilderness represented. The mountains are huge, lofty, piled up in all shapes and run in no particular direction, and no one seems to have any connexion or fellowship with his neighbor. But on the table-land, when you get fairly *up* into the wilderness, there is much to admire. The highest table-land is probably nearly 2,000 feet higher than Champlain. The irregular shape of the mountains, and the confusion in which they seem to stand, is *one* of the peculiarities which strikes the beholder. If these were the very mountains which Milton says the angels plucked up and hurled at each other, we could hardly expect them to *fall* with a greater appearance of terror and confusion. Another peculiarity in this wilder-

ness is ~~its~~ *newness*. I mean by this, that the lakes, the rivers and the forests, all seem as if they had been created within about eighty years. Every thing around the shores of the lakes is fresh and green. On the bottom is pure white sand, or gravel and stone—very little *mud*, and where there is any, it is but a few inches deep. Instead of finding it several feet deep as in the ponds and lakes in Massachusetts, you find it surprisingly shallow. You would suppose the freshets would, in five years, fill up the lakes more, and give them an older appearance. If you leave the waters and go into the forests, you still have the same feeling. The trees are thrifty and young. They are of quick growth, and are less than a century old.—Then there is no old, decaying timber—no logs piled up in all manner of layers, as in the forests on the White Mountains in New Hampshire, or in the ancient forests of the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania. What is the reason? Where are the trees that have

been centuries in growing? Where are the former generation of trees? Why is it so that you might almost drive a team through all this forest, so far as the fallen trees and timber are concerned? Was there a great fire some eighty years ago, which burned all this over and consumed every thing—and if so, should we find no marks of fire on stumps, or on rocks? I do not know whether Professor Emmons, in his splendid work—the Geology of the State—has mentioned this peculiar feature—I had almost called it a phenomenon—in this region. But there is at every step such an appearance of *newness* that you are amazed and puzzled. You can account for it on the supposition that it has all been burned over at a recent period; and then, would there remain no marks of fire, and no traditions of it among the Indians? If this feature detracts from the awe which you feel on entering a wilderness where all is ancient and venerable, it nevertheless gives a fresh-



ness to every view that is enchanting. You feel surprised that you find even the traces of the Indian hunters in a region apparently but just created. It is emphatically the region of *iron*, and will undoubtedly, one day become the Sweden of our country. The mines are of easy access, profusely scattered, and exceedingly rich. You find beds of iron in the mountains, and also bog ore in almost every place you visit. When these mines are worked, and these forests used in smelting the ore, what an inexhaustible amount of iron may be made here !

It is difficult to say what the climate will be after the forests are removed. Most suppose it will be colder than at present, inasmuch as the forests break and shut off the winds. If my own opinion is of any value, I think it will be milder after the removal of the trees. At present the winter sets in suddenly, is long, *very* cold, and as suddenly passes away. Then, in a few days, the ice breaks up and is gone. In the

summer the weather is very warm during the day. When we were in, about the middle of September, the thermometer stood at 93 deg. in the shade in the day time. But the moment the sun goes down, even in mid-summer, the cold is decided and painful. You need a large camp-fire all night. The reason is, that the moment the sun passes below the horizon, all sources of heat are cut off. The ground, covered with a thick forest, does not become warm and continue warm all night, as it will, when the trees are removed, and as it does in an open country. Hence, though the waters are warm, the ground is always cold, and during the warmest night in the summer, a large fire at your feet and a buffalo robe around you are most comfortable. But when the sun shall be let in to warm the earth, and the warmth shall be returned to the atmosphere, is it not reasonable to suppose the climate will be softened and milder?

The feelings awakened by the scenery of

the forest are unlike any others. You sit down in a moonlight evening, after a day of hard fatigue, and look off. You are on a pine knoll some twenty-five feet higher than the lake before you. That lake is now as calm and still and as bright as if molten silver. Its surface is only broken, here and there, by the large trout or salmon as he throws out his fluked tail. The islands covered with forests, loom up in the mirage, and seem to move and float; and all seems like a fairy land. The lofty mountains rise up all around and seem to stand in the majesty of solitude. They repose like monsters, too independent to emit a single sound. Their sides are covered with the richest trees whose leaves are dyed, in the pure atmosphere of autumn, orange, straw, yellow, crimson, scarlet and carmine. They look as if a thousand rainbows had fallen to pieces and dropped their glories upon them. Not a sound is heard save the distant scream of the lonely loon, or it may be the howl



of the wolf, or the peculiar who-ha-ho of "the laughing owl." The fishing-eagle has uttered his last scream for the day, and the blue heron has taken his misshapen form to the tall pine for the night. Your camp-fire sends its light far up among the magnificent trees around you, and makes them look like so many mighty pillars, sustaining a canopy of silver, while beyond the reach of your light, the forest seems a thousand times darker than common darkness. At the head or at the foot of the lake is the heavy waterfall, now sending up its hoarse roar as a part of nature's evening hymn. Perhaps, too, as was the case with us on one occasion, your tent is pitched close by a tree which has a large cross cut deep into its wood. Your guide tells you what it means. It is the monument of some Indian who lies buried in front of that cross. How far off, we know not. The Indians would know, and go at once to the spot. But you only know that a son of the forest lies buried near by,

and that the solitary grave contains one who will start up at the call of the archangel's trumpet. What griefs or joys or deeds were his, will not be known till that day. These graves are scattered through the wilderness, and the memorial will long remain, for the hunter is very far from being the man to cut down these trees. I hardly need add that they are probably the graves of the St. François Indians, who are Catholics, and who know little more about religion than to make the cross as the sign of salvation. When you are thus in the midst of a great forest, knowing that you must go fifty or sixty miles ere you reach a human being—knowing that here man has not left the prints of his puny foot,—that God himself reigns here in solitude, you have a subdued feeling of dependence and insignificance that is new and peculiar. You feel that you might fall like one of the leaves that is falling around you, and the forest would stand, the mountains cast their deep shadows

and the lake mirror back the bright heavens, and the world move on just as if you had never been.

A writer, to whom I have already made allusion, thinks the wilderness is, of all others, the best place in which to renew health of body and vigor of mind. Before any one lays his plans to penetrate it far, let him make up his mind to endure fatigue beyond what he ever before endured, to sleep wherever night finds him, and to come as near starving as need be. It will do well enough to talk about living on venison or moose, but it is always better to hunt the bear before you sell his oil. It is obviously the best place in the world to recruit the body—for you must work as hard as possible, and change all your habits of diet, &c. Then you are completely shut out from the world, and know nothing of what is passing without. So you may cease to give yourself any trouble about it, and you thus leave the world behind, and *the mind is wholly unbent—an advantage*

which it can obtain nowhere else. All habits of mind and body are changed, and all are recruited. But as to the fatigue, I will mention an incident to show what I mean. It is only one among multitudes, and by no means the severest. When on the Upper Saranac, we undertook to carry out a favorite plan of ours. But in order to understand it, allow me to introduce the reader to

#### WILSON'S LAKE.

Wilson is our guide. For twenty years in succession he has been into this wilderness. At an early age he came in with an Indian Chief, for his health. After this he trapped and hunted here, I think, nine years. He is more completely at home in the wilderness than any man I have ever seen. He has visited every lake, pond and brook, and knows every part of it. On the middle branch of the St. Regis, near its headwaters, and near the grand mountain of that name, is a curious lake. The account which we obtained from different hunters was

precisely the same. We had the testimony of independent witnesses. It is about a mile and a half in length, and is in the shape of the letter L. It has no visible outlet or inlet! *Its waters rise and fall continually once in about ten minutes!* As nearly as we could learn, the rise and fall is from six to twelve inches perpendicularly. On the sloping shore, it would *seem* much greater. We gave it the name of *Wilson's Lake*, because we believe he was the first white hunter that ever discovered it. He was passing over it on the ice, and noticed that the ice was broken and was chafing all around the edge, and that it was difficult to get on it, or off from it. This led him to examine it, and to make the discovery of the phenomenon. The causes he could not discover. As it had no name, and as he was the discoverer, we thought it right that his name should be attached to it. This lake we wished to find. So we rowed up the Upper Saranac, some fifteen miles, to its head. This very beautiful

lake is in the shape of the letter T. On reaching its head, we prepared for a journey in the woods to find Wilson's Lake. As near as we could judge, it might be ten miles to it in a straight line. But who can follow a straight course where swamps and mountains and ponds are in his path? Leaving our little boat, our tent, blankets, &c. in order to go as light as possible, we set out. Now let us see if all is ready.

"Wilson, have you the pack?"

"Yes." This contained provisions, tea-kettle, &c. &c.

"Have you got Tommy Peckit?"

"Yes." Tommy is a small hunter's axe.

"Shall we carry 'Sleepy David'?"

"Yes." This was a sleepy looking rifle.

"Must we also carry 'Sober Jerry'?"

"Yes; our lives may depend on them."

'Sober Jerry' is Wilson's rifle, weighing nineteen three-fourths pounds!

Thus we set off. The day is cloudy, with a fine, drizzling rain. We lay our course, but

have no pocket compass. The guide goes forward, and we follow. The woods are filled with "whistle-wood" and "witch hopple," which entangle you, wet you, and weary you. On you plod, over hill and dale. You come to a pond, and you must go round it. You can see no mountain, and no sun. You plod on and on, till you come to a lake about six miles in diameter. You halt and take some food. You now undertake to go round this lake. You follow its whole length, and then leave it for your supposed course. Weary and faint, after dragging on for hours, you see light before you. It must be a lake ! Is it the right one ? You hasten up to it, and pause. You have come back to the same lake from which you started, and are not an hundred yards from the spot where you ate your dinner ! It is now night, the winds blow from the lake, the thunders roar, the lightnings flash, and the rain comes down in its strength. You build a fire, and without tent or blanket, covering or shelter, you

lie down on the wet ground. You turn from one cold, wet side to the other, get up and rekindle the fire, and envy your companions who have taken off their boots for their pillow, placed their travelling caps over their eyes, and flat on their backs, are giving evidence of sleep so palpable, that you are tempted to awaken them, or roll them down the hill, for very envy. All the night it rains, and all the night they sleep, and all the night you keep awake. But the morning comes at last. And now what must we do? The guide acknowledges that for the first time in his life, his head is turned, and he cannot lead us to the Lake! We now think we shall be most happy if we can find the way back again. We set out, and go, and go, and after a long march, pop! we are back again to the lake from which we started! Our good natured and intelligent guide now looks pale, peaked, blue about the mouth, and he eyes the trees as if he expected a catamount to spring out of each one. Again we wheel and drag onward,



while "Sleepy David" and "Sober Jerry" have become intolerable burdens. By great care and much anxiety and more fatigue, we find our way back again to our boat, having probably walked near forty miles, been soaked in rains, and after all, did not find the lake! This was the sorest part of all—a disappointment hard to bear. Should any future explorers search for it, we hope they will be more fortunate, and will find and examine this curious sheet of water. We were too much exhausted to renew the search.

The sensation of being lost in a vast forest is horrific beyond description. No imagination can paint the bewilderment and terrific sensations which you feel when you are alone and fairly lost. I experienced those sensations once. I shall not attempt to describe them. It is probably as near derangement as can be, if there be any difference. We went within a mile and a half of the spot where sleeps the man who, the last year, *wandered away*, and was lost, and starved,


and lay down, and died. The hunters found him. Probably there are not a few such cases, which have never come to light. But our guide told us of one which we have remembered. Shall I give his simple story of

#### THE LOST MAN?

Some years since, Wilson was trapping on the head waters of the Beaver River. The ice had broken up, so that his little bark canoe would float, though the waters were filled with fragments of ice. Just at night, as he was pushing his canoe into a small pond, seeking for the signs of beaver, he heard something walking in the water. By the heavy splashing, he concluded it must be a moose. The rifle was carefully laid before him, and his noiseless paddle shot his light boat speedily forward. As he turned a point he saw two white legs. A few more oar strokes and the human form was seen! It was a man without any hat—his clothes nearly gone—his legs lacerated and naked, while he kept striding on in the


ice water. He was muttering to himself. As the silent boat shot on, it came up with him before Wilson spoke. The moment he spoke, the wild eye and the start shewed that the man was deranged. By the kindest tones of voice—and few voices were ever softer than his—he coaxed the poor emaciated creature to pause, and finally to get into the boat. Wilson then asked permission to camp in his company. The poor creature, as it afterwards appeared, had been out and lost thirteen days. He had gone out with his gun and dog to hunt, near his father's house. He had got lost—had lost his gun—had killed and eaten his dog, all—save a few bones, which he still had in his bosom, and which he had gnawed more or less. By great kindness and effort, he was made to reveal the place of his home. It was far down on the Black River. He was a young man, of liberal education, and fine promise. I believe he had before had a turn of being mentally deranged. But on

the morning of leaving his home; he was perfectly sane. With great skill, he was made to believe that our guide was going to the place where he lived, and, as a particular favor, desired his company. This the young man promised. So he ate, and camped, and travelled with his new friend. When he got near his father's house, he said—"That is the house," and then put off at a speed almost too great to be followed. When he reached his home, and the mother saw him! how she rushed to him, and lifted up her voice and wept! How she poured out a mother's heart, in thanksgiving, and praise, and tears! It seemed there were fifty men in the wilderness seeking him, but they had not met them. What a picture for a painter! The father, pale and haggard, was just dismounting, from a fruitless search—the emaciated son, in his rags,—the mother, in her tears—and the hunter-guide, with his long, unshaven beard, swarthy appearance, hunter's dress, but with a heart



that made him weep for joy that he had saved a human life, and restored to his friends the son who was lost! He told the story with entire simplicity, as if it were nothing that he did; and he took no reward for his deed. He spoke of it as a pleasant remembrance, and I tried not to let him see the tear I dropped into Tupper's Lake, as I sat paddling and listening to the story. Was I mistaken in supposing that the reader would thank me for preserving it?

But should a man really get lost in this vast wilderness, what can he do—is there any hope of his ever finding his way out? I reply, yes, if he can keep cool and collected, but not without. If he cannot find his company, let him go in a straight line till he comes to some pond or lake, or better still, let him go up some mountain, and fix his eye on some lake. Then let him find the outlet of that pond or lake. Let him follow the outlet, and it must eventually lead him to a river, and that river must lead to human



habitations. Let no man feel confident that he shall not get lost. It is very easy. But no man would desire to repeat the experiment. Helplessness becomes nearly allied to distraction.

On the west side of Long Lake, about four miles from its head, is a charming bay, while directly opposite, swells out into the water, one of the most beautiful mountains ever admired. Our little company had just landed in this bay, had pitched our tent, kindled our fire, collected wood for the Sabbath just approaching, when we noticed a little boat lying off in the lake, apparently seeking somebody. We were concealed by the thick forest. A few raps with an axe on a tree, turned the boat towards us, and put the oars in motion. As I went down to the shore to receive our visiter, whose face was turned from me, I saw several Bibles and a flute lying in the stern, and I knew that the rower must be Mr. Parker, the missionary to the little settlement on Long Lake. More

than a year since he had been commissioned by the children of my Sabbath School to come here in their name and at their charges, to labor for six Sabbaths. Aided by my church, by friends in Boston through the Hon. S. H. Walley, and friends in many other places, he has never left the spot since. When he first "came in," as it is called, he travelled as far as any teams could carry him, and then took his things on his shoulder and travelled through the wilderness alone and on foot. As he came up to the Lake just at night, wearied beyond expression, he saw a house on the opposite shore. But his voice could not reach it, and he had no means of crossing. So he passed on till he came to the next house on the opposite shore, and again shouted, as he stepped out from among the trees. There was no one at home but a woman and her babe. But when did a call for aid reach the ear of woman and die away unheard? *She laid her infant in the cradle, and left*

him alone, while the little boat shot rapidly across the Lake to receive the stranger. Great was her surprise to find in him a missionary come to teach them the way of life. She rowed him hurriedly across the waters and opened to him the doors of her humble dwelling—which have never been closed against him since.

The lonely settlement on the Lake we found had been increased by three families who have purchased and cleared land, and who were about to move in ; so that the colony now consists of eighteen families and about one hundred souls. In some respects their situation and circumstances drew more deeply upon our sympathy than ever before. The road which the State is making in to them from Lake Champlain, advances very slow, and it made our faces grow long when they talked as if it would be two years more before it is done. We have strong hopes that it will not take so long. The post office is still half a hundred miles off, the near-



est physician is sixty miles, and the nearest mill that deserves the name of a mill, is not much nearer. The same long, uneasy way lies between them and the nearest store. The saw-mill had not yet been put up ; and in addition to all the rest, the winter preceding had been long and severe, their cattle had died of starvation in many cases, and the annual income of a few hundred dollars which they annually calculate to receive for working on the road, had been cut off. They had done the work, but by a process of which I am ignorant, they had no income.

It is very easy for us, surrounded by all manner of appliances, to think how we would do this or that to mend our condition, were we placed in certain situations. But it is not so easy to work when you have no handles to your tools, and no tools to your handles ; when your arms must be fifty miles long in order to reach any thing that will aid you. If there is nothing but wild land to be bought *and you have nothing to buy with, and noth-*

ing to sell, no outlet and no inlet, you find yourself shut up to narrow quarters. Suppose you are a settler in the wilderness. You may find that in the winter when you wish to be clearing up your land, you are compelled to leave all and catch what furs will procure the year's clothing for your family. In the spring when you wish to be making your maple sugar, you are taking the last harvest of furs; and when you ought to be planting and getting your seed in the earth, the spring having come all at once, you are compelled to go off to sell your furs and buy the necessities of life for your family, and perhaps you must stop to fish and hunt to keep from starving. To surmount the point which lies between poverty and thrift in these circumstances, requires a perseverance and a resolution which few possess. How hard must it be for a poor man with a family to get along when his axe must cut down every tree that is cleared, and his hoe must put in every kernel of grain he

raises, because he has neither a horse nor an ox. I never so fully realized the difficulties of the situation of those who dwell in a new, cold, Alpine region, as I did during this visit.

Very few either, have any adequate idea of the self-denial of the missionary who goes into such a wilderness to gather the sheep there found. It is very pleasant for us to go in, at a pleasant season of the year, while the zephyrs of summer fan the waters and the scenery is of the richest and most gorgeous dye, and stay a few days. But the missionary is there alone, so far as the society to which he has been accustomed is concerned; he must traverse the Lake in his little boat when the storm howls over him and the waters turn white as with terror beneath him; he must live from house to house in the small, rough log-house, perhaps built without the aid of a single board, and which contains but a single room; he must be without books and periodicals, and know nothing of what is passing in the world; he must

have no place that he can call his study, and no place but the solitude of the forest where he can find retirement. But if there be such a thing as a warm corner in the humble dwelling, it shall be for him. If they have but one loaf of bread, he shall share it even to the last crust. All that they have is most cheerfully shared with him, and he learns to love these hearts with a very strong affection. As a matter of money, scarce any thing in the shape of dollars and cents would keep him there, and yet it would be very hard to break away and leave them.

Though there were some things of a temporal nature which made us enter into their circumstances with great interest, yet there was also much to cheer and animate us. Mr. Parker seemed to be the very man for the post—a man who can conform to almost any circumstances, and yet retain respect and love. He has preached in season and out of season. He has every child that is old enough in the Sabbath School.

He has all the young women in the Bible-class, both under his own supervision. And a most wonderful change had the gospel wrought among that people since he went among them. The Sabbath has become holy time; the population almost universally are constant in attending public worship. Several, as we hope, have passed from death unto life—among whom, we have some reason to hope, is found the old hunter whom I have already mentioned, and whose solitary lodge is on the Beaver Lake, many, many miles from any other human being. But what an advancement in intellect! I think I never saw such a growth in intellect in a single year. By the light of their fires during the long winter evenings, they had read. The Bible-class has a library of eighty-four volumes—the gift of Mr. Delavan of Albany—and some of the girls had understandingly read every book through. They could understand preaching, and very seldom have I *heard a Bible class* recite better. The whole

community had learned the value of character, and were trying, with few exceptions, to gain it. The Sabbath has a peculiar stillness, and profaneness, once so common, is now wholly done away. The missionary teaches them how to read, to write, to think; how to catch their fish, and how to make their rackets, or snow-shoes. He is now teaching all the elder part of the youth in a week-day school as well as on the Sabbath. And I am happy to feel that there are some things very encouraging in future prospect. One of the most enterprising of the young men has been building a saw-mill this season. I found him working on it all alone, having got together one of the noblest frames ever reared. He hopes to have it done this fall or early in the spring. With that is to be connected a small mill, which will do for the present to grind their grain. They can then make their families and houses more comfortable and convenient. But after spending a Sabbath and several

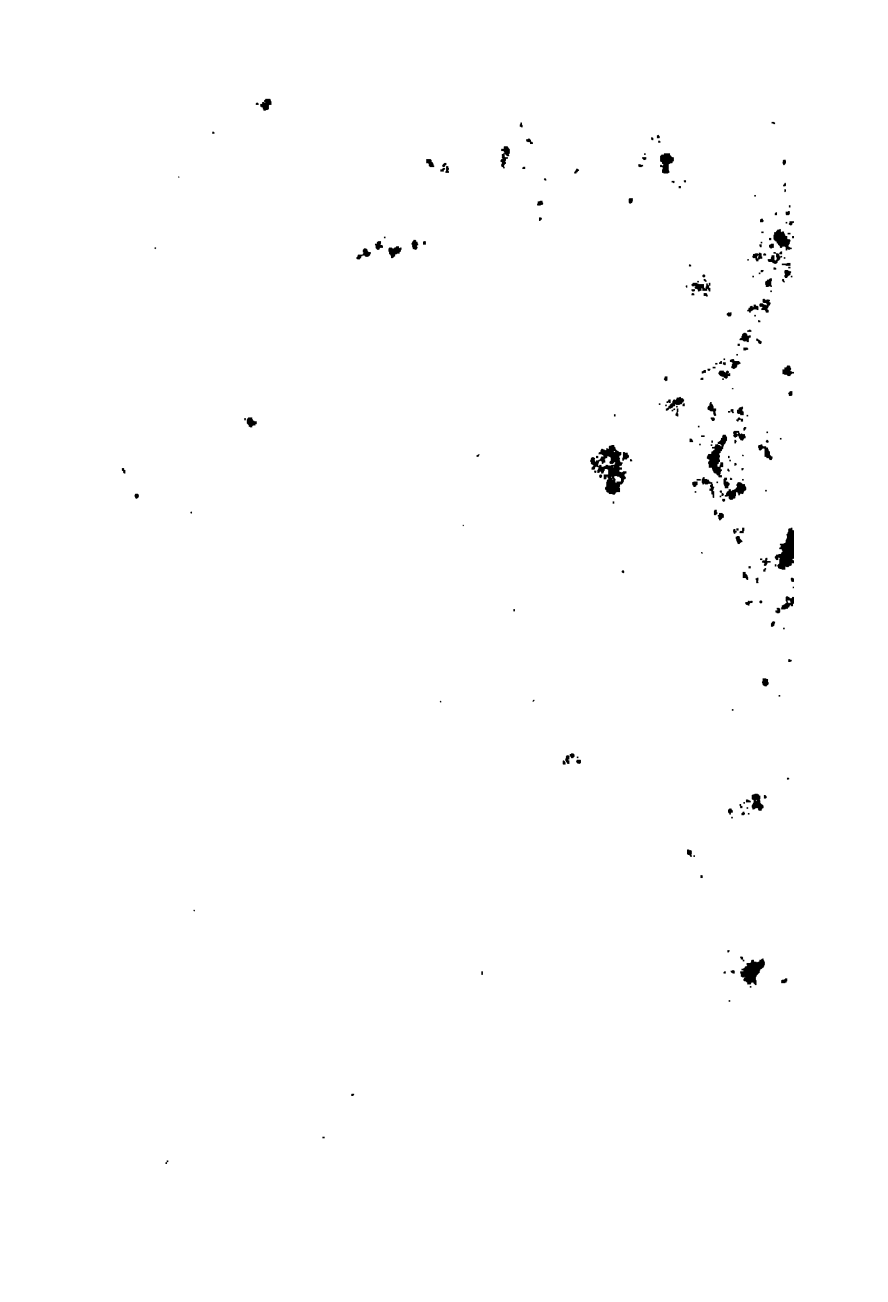
days with them, and seeing them at their houses, I felt a deeper interest in them than ever before. Mr. P. accompanied us down some twenty or twenty-five miles on our way home, and when he came to leave us to return back I could see that his heart was sinking and full. All the way home we were musing in our hearts what we could do for those sheep in the wilderness. With a more heavy heart—heavy because I more fully understood the difficulties under which they labor—than I ever before felt on leaving them, I turned back to my labors. But when I reached home, I found a letter from the land-holders, saying that if I would see a church put up there, they would contribute liberally in land for the support of the gospel! Another letter from Saratoga informed me that the ladies of that beautiful village, through Mr. Chancellor Walworth, had raised a handsome sum (\$60) to aid in erecting the little Church on Long Lake. The people are now at work in getting out

the frame, and I trust it will be put up and finished as soon as the saw-mill will furnish materials. What we wish and expect is, that if we aid them in putting up this church, the land-owners will give a lot of land containing two hundred acres which shall be forever kept for the support of the ministry. They are organizing a legal society of worshippers in order to hold this land. It would delight the numerous friends of this mission to see how Mr. Parker is the centre of their affections and their thoughts. Some of the pious told us that it "seems as if they could not live," if he were to leave them. On my return, the ladies of my people immediately sent him such an expression of their esteem and confidence as will make him warm and comfortable during the coming winter. If he gets it before the winter shuts up the wilderness, we trust that it will be greatly to his comfort. To secure this land, is to secure the means of making the gospel permanent among them. We



wish by all means to keep Mr. P. there till the church is built, the land selected and secured : we wish to fulfil our pledge to the land-holders, and put up a neat little Church and complete it. Then will the Sabbath be ever abiding there, and that settlement, now so remote and so lonely, will become a blessed community—sanctifying all who will hereafter fill the region. When I was with them on the Sabbath—when I looked upon my young friend, *Sabatas*, a noble Indian young man, whose violin leads the music in public worship—when I saw how much they had improved in intellect, morality, and character, I felt that all that has been done for them will yet return in blessings upon the friends who have done it. Nor do I believe it possible for any benevolent heart to visit these dwellers in the wilderness, without feeling an interest in them which is amazing even to himself. The records of the Judgment alone will *reveal the trials* which our missionary has

had there ; but he has met them like a good soldier faithful to his trust. And I can truly say, that all that has been done for their temporal and spiritual good has cost nothing in proportion to its value.



## APPENDIX.

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### APPENDIX A.

At ~~these~~, the St. François, the St. Regis, and the Mohawks occupied this wilderness as their hunting ground. This occasioned jealousies, contentions and cost much blood. I believe the Mohawks considered it as their ground, and the others to be intruders. Among the many battles and scenes of blood-shed which took place, the following is one of the traditions of the Indians. The version is, of course, from the St. François, and I give it just as related by an old gray-headed Indian.

While the contests were going on between the St. François, (who live in Canada,) and the Mohawks, the two tribes use to way-lay and murder one another by stratagem and cunning. They all travelled in their bark canoes,—but every tribe has its own pattern for a canoe, so that on seeing a canoe, you may know instantly

to what tribe it belongs. They are all made of white birch bark, and sewed by the small roots of the spruce. On one occasion, thirty Mohawks in their canoes passed through the wilderness into Lake Champlain, and so north towards Canada, in order to way-lay and intercept any of the St. François who might be coming up to hunt. In the Lake, just before you reach St. Johns, there is a low, flat island, called Ash Island. Here the thirty Mohawks had come, drawn up their canoes for the night, had built their camp-fire, and were preparing to spend the night here. In the course of the day they had killed a noble Moose, were now making a hearty supper upon his meat. Just at this time there came a single canoe along containing one old chief and three hunters on their way to the hunting-grounds. Noiselessly they moved their paddles. On seeing a fire on Ash Island, they landed on the shore opposite. One of their best swimmers was then sent to examine the causes and see who were the owners. There were bushes between the canoes and the Mohawks who were busy in *cooking their supper*. The night was very

dark. Noiselessly the scout did his errand, and returned and reported who they were and their number. The old chief thought a few moments, and his plans were laid. Two of their number were directed to swim to the canoes, still as the night. They were then to land, and with a sharp knife, slit the bark of every canoe from end to end. They went on their perilous errand—landed—crept up, and found the canoes turned bottom upwards. They then cut them full of slits, and were just turning to swim back. At that moment, a Mohawk rose up with the huge thigh bone of the Moose in his hand, which he had just been picking. "I wish," says he, "this might strike a St. François on his head." He then gave it a throw, and sure enough, it did strike one of the St. François swimmers on the head, and stunned him. The other Indian saw it, and fearing that his companion would thrash the water or make a noise when he recovered from the blow, very coolly dragged him under water and drowned him! This was all done noiselessly. He then swam back, and reported to his chief. The three entered their canoe and paddled

towards the Island. When near enough, they fired at the Mohawks, but made no noise. The Mohawks raised the war-whoop, and rushed for their canoes, and shot out into the Lake. But now came the trouble. Their canoes at once filled with water, and the cunning St. François came upon them with their war-shout. The Mohawks were stupid with amazement. They were all killed except one who was designedly saved alive. What a victory for three men ! In the morning the prisoner was brought forth, expecting to be tormented and slowly put to death. But their plans were different, though hardly less merciful. They stripped the poor captive, cut off his ears, his nose, and his lips. " Now go home," said they, " go home and tell the Mohawks to send more men ! thirty men too few for three St. François men to whip ! Tell Mohawks to send more men ! " The poor, maimed creature reached his home and told his story. The Mohawks were chagrined beyond expression. Their hundreds of schemes to retaliate are not told. But many a bold Indian lost his life in the contests which followed.

Such are the feelings, the customs and the cruelties among men who have no fear of the Lord before them—that fear which is created by the Bible. In a country of twenty millions of people, and where the Sabbath and the Bible hold but a part under their direct influence, there are not as many cruel murders annually, probably, as among a population of a few thousand savages, and men living in the state of nature. The first chapter of Romans describes the human heart as it is without the Book of God: and the history of any heathen people is only a commentary on this chapter. Verily, “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty,” and most thankful ought the child to be, whose birth gives him the Sabbath School, the Bible, and the means of cultivating his mind and his heart. We are all alike by nature, and in all respects in which we are better off than the savages, we owe it to the blessed Bible.

## APPENDIX B.

*Sandy Knoll, on the Racket River.*

MY DEAR BOY—

You made me promise, when I left home, that



It would tell you how we got any thing to eat in the wilderness. Well then, you must know that we never travel on the Sabbath ; and then uncle Samuel was sick several days, and unable to move. In the mean time we had eaten up all our provisions, and knew not what to do. Yesterday we went many miles in our little boat for some fish, but caught none. We heard a moose thrashing in the swamp, but saw nothing of him. On our return empty-handed, all our faces were long. We were weary and faint for the want of food. "We *must* have a deer to-night," says Wilson. So he went to work at once, and with a huge knife and a plenty of birch bark, he made what is called a *Jack* ! A piece of bark about fifteen inches long, is bent into half a circle, and tied at the top and bottom to semicircular pieces of wood. It is fastened to a stick about three feet long, and is made to stand up in the very bow of the boat. In this Jack a large candle is placed, and in the night, it sends a strong light forward, while all the boat is in total darkness. Wilson has got it all rigged, the candle *in it*, and about ten o'clock at night, he calls,

and says "we must go." We go down to the boat in silence. Wilson sits down in the stern, with the paddle in his hand. I sit down at the bow, just behind Jack, and as near to him as I can get. "Did you ever shoot a deer," says Wilson in a whisper. "No, I never saw one." "Then you won't touch him." "Very likely, but I am too hungry not to try." Our candle is not lighted, and we now go down the river in perfect silence. Wilson never takes his paddle out of the water, but by a peculiar twist, shoots the boat in any direction. He takes care not to let the paddle hit the boat, for the least noise will scare a deer. On we go, slow, still, and watchful. On one side a large duck plunges and quacks; on the other a musk-rat lounges in, and yonder is the heavy plunge of the otter. The bats fly in all directions, and the different kinds of owls utter their night songs. One seems to laugh—another seems to spend his time in sneezing, and a third utters a roar that makes the forest echo. We now light our candle, and the cold fog rising from the river wraps us in a veil; the light is thrown upon the trees that bend over the river, and turns them

~~and~~ cones and pyramids of silver. The forest seems like a solid breast-work of most curious workmanship. Every creature seems now to be moving. The wild cat screams, and the distant wolf howls, while the great bull-frogs utter their deep bass notes together. On we go, slow and still, listening if among all these noises, we cannot hear a deer. Presently Wilson wiggles his body, shakes the boat, and seems to say, "now look out,—I hear a deer." On the right of the river, round a point is a small cove filled with lily-pads. Around that point the boat slowly turns, and there ! there stands what *looks* like the picture of a great white deer ! The light falls upon him and his eye-balls look like globes of fire. He does not seem to be a deer, but such a picture of one as the magic lantern would make. The boat goes slowly towards him. He raises his great branching head—that beautiful head and gazes at the light. The rifle lies by me, but I forget it in my admiration of the noble creature. I forget even our hunger. "Why don't you shoot?" *whispers* Wilson. My thoughts return, and I *raise the rifle*. But a new difficulty. The for-

ward sight is out in the light, but the back sight is in the dark, and the deer *seems* to be at least twenty rods off. What can I do? He is too far off, and I cannot see. I am in the dark. "Why don't you shoot?"—whispers Wilson again. Well, the case appears desperate, and I draw up, and a stream of fire is poured out of the terrible rifle. The noble creature leaps for the shore and runs, it may be two rods, and drops. We now land, and there he lies. Two more deer are in sight, but we want no more. We will now go back to our camping place. So, early this morning, we went after our deer. He will weigh two hundred; but how was pride rebuked, when I found by day-light, that instead of being twenty rods from me, he was not twenty feet, when I fired. And there he hangs. We have had a noble breakfast from him, and such eating! We have got one deer. But I am satisfied that one acre of land cultivated like our garden, would give a better support, than five hundred thousand acres of wild land to be hunted!

This has led me to ask the question, whether our Fathers did right to come here and take

the country of the Indians. It was all their hunting-ground formerly. And I answer the question in this way. It is God's plan and will that the earth should be tilled and thus yield food for man and for beast. Any people who will fall in with this plan, and till the earth shall prosper. Any people who will not, shall perish. The Indians would not fall in with this plan, and God brought in a race who would. And while I cannot but mourn over the very many wrongs we have done to the poor Indians, I feel perfectly well satisfied that they were counteracting the designs of heaven in refusing to use the land for anything but hunting, and that therefore they were permitted to pass away and be no more. So long as they resist this design, they must grow weaker and weaker. God is wise; and while the earth can be made to support three hundred to every square mile, it is not reasonable, that ten thousand acres shall be left in their wild state to support one man by hunting.

But there is the deer, and if you ever come here, you shall see the very pine on whose

limb he hangs. Could you catch a deer now?  
—Good bye.

## APPENDIX C.

There is no charity more beautiful or more powerful than that of sending the living preacher to our new settlements. If I had the means at my command, and wished to aid the dwellers in the wilderness in a temporary point of view, I am satisfied that I could do it in no way so effectually as to send them a devoted, judicious preacher of the Gospel.

Suppose I now tell you one of the every day stories in the history of Home Missions.

Far up the Missouri river, thousands of miles in the wilderness, there is a single log cabin built. The next year a second, and then the tide of emigration sets in fast. The mighty forest is cut down, and the rude habitations of men rise in its place. They are pioneer people—coming from all parts of the United States and also from various countries in Europe. They are beyond the reach of society, and become a little community by themselves. Gathered from all parts of the world, they have their

own prejudices, and notions, and habits. They are also very poor. Few of them own so much as a cow, and the land on which they have stopped is a part of the public domain. They have no schools for their children, and no means of instruction. The Sabbath sun sheds his beams over the forest—but they know the Sabbath only by name—not its use. For ten years they have thus lived between civilization and the savage state. Their number is gradually increasing—but there is no improvement in education or in morals. There is no elevation of character manifest. They are low in their taste, profane in language, and their sensibilities all seem blunted.

At length a stranger comes among them. They gather round him to ask who he is, and what he comes there for. He tells them that he is a minister of the Gospel, who has been sent by those who love their souls, to live with them. They now understand what this man *professes* to be. By the very term *missionary*, they understand him to profess—that he loves *men*—that the ruling motive of his heart and *life is love to men*. He professes to love to

that degree, ~~that~~ you cannot insult him so that he will resent it; you cannot abuse him so that he will not pray for you. In a word, unquenchable, unconquerable love, is the ruling motive of his life. They understand that he professes to have come not to seek for money. If he could acquire a fortune, by relinquishing his mission, he would not do it. Should great bargains tempt him, he will not meddle with them. If property changes hands, it will not fall into *his* hands. They understand him to profess not to have come to seek honors. Offices there will be to be filled, honors to be awarded, distinctions to be allowed, but none of these fall to him. Others will build up their families by wealth, by office, by honors; but his children must be the children of a poor man, and a man who lives and dies without honors. They know that he *professes* to come to live and die with them—for their good, and as their friend—the property of the poor man, as well as the rich. He has consecrated himself to the work of loving men—of loving them though they may be poor, and lonely and ignorant, and unholy. Nothing this side of the grave can



quench this love. Such are the professions which they understand this man to make.

Now then, what do they do? Give him their confidence at once? No. Withhold it all? No. But they put him on trial. They let him live among them. They let him go to work to do his errand—but they watch him very closely, to see if his life proves these professions to be sincere—to see if his life is a life moved by love. Gradually and slowly they are convinced that he is the man he professes to be—at the end of about two years, they are convinced that it is so. Now what do these people do? Why, they give this man their confidence—entire and unshaken. He may come into their schools and instruct, or superintend the education of their children. He may gather them into the Sabbath-school, and put such books into their hands as he pleases. He is admitted into their houses at all times, and under all circumstances. He may gather the whole population together every week, and instruct them in religion, and in their duty to God and to man. They come to him for advice when they are in doubts. When in trouble

and sorrow, they send for him to sympathize with them, to comfort and counsel them ; and when they come to lie on the bed of death, they admit him when they will nobody else—they will open their hearts to him, confide the secrets of their lives to him, and place in him the highest confidence which one human being can place in another. And now that man comes to live in their confidence and love, and the poorest man loves him no less than the richest. You must recollect that the great majority of those who value the missionary's labors are poor in this world's goods. They have nothing of splendor to exalt them—nothing of brilliancy to which they can look forward. They are shut away from the noisy world by distance. Hence it is that the missionary is the *all* which the poor man can share equally with the rich. He loves to talk about his minister, to think of him, and he fills much of his thoughts ; and where the man comes to have the love of Jesus shed abroad in his heart, he loves much. To give the Gospel to the rich is a precious boon ; but when you give it to the poor man it is double charity ; and the minister becomes the cen-

tre of all that is holy and pure in that man's thoughts. Said a man whose eyes God had opened—"When I felt my heart too full, and when the gushings of love were causing my eyes to weep, there stood up my minister before me—though I was hundreds of miles off—and the first prayer I ever offered was, God bless that man!" We have but faint ideas of the intense emotion which the poor may and often do have on the subject of religion, nor how full the heart may be of this subject, though empty of all other things. A poor Scotch girl went to her pastor's study to be examined for admission into the Church of Christ. He put many questions to her in the kindest voice, relative to her hopes, her experience, and her knowledge of Jesus Christ. To all this she answered—not a word. Her lips moved, but she could say nothing. After trying every way to sooth her, he says to her, "Perhaps you will feel more composed after a little time, and then you can call again, and I will be most happy to see you." On rising to go, and reaching the door, she turned round, with the tears running down her cheeks, the face as pale as marble, and

with a kind of convulsive scream, she forced her tongue to break silence, "*Oh ! Sir, I cannot speak for him, but I could die for him.*"

Here I say is the philosophy, the strength, and the glory of the missionary whom we send to those scattered in the wilderness and among the mountains. How many hearts have been thus gladdened ! Some, because through it they have received the precious gift which Christ left the world at his ascension ; some because they have through it had the opportunity to impart their charities ; and some because through it they have been enabled to give themselves to this work of love. I have seen those who live far away in the wilderness. And I have known the young missionary as he girded on his harness, to go to these scattered sheep, because he loved them. And where are our sisters in this work ? I will tell you. On a late visit to our largest manufacturing town, I was told of the daughters of deceased clergymen—men of the first respectability—who are now operatives in the factories, toiling twelve or fourteen hours daily, with but fifteen minutes to sit down to dinner. Why do they do this ?

First, to help their widowed mothers, and next to educate their younger brothers—to send them to college—to fit them for usefulness—to be missionaries of the cross: and no higher reward would those noble minded daughters wish in this life, than to see their brothers fitted to become missionaries of this Society; and to know that they would go forth upon the mountains and in the wilderness; and that the wilderness and the solitary place should be glad for them.

## HAFED'S DREAM.

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AT the foot of one of those gigantic mountains in Asia, which lift up their heads so far above the clouds that the eye of man never saw their summits, stood a beautiful cottage, facing the east. The mountain-stream leaped and murmured on the north; the verdant plain where the bright-eyed gazelle sported, lay spread out in front; the garden and the olive-yard, filled with every flower and every fruit which an oriental sun could pencil and ripen, lay on the south; while back, on the west, rose the everlasting mountain. Here were walks and shades and fruits, such as were found no where else. The sun shone upon no spot more luxuriant; the moon-beams struggled to enter no place more delightful; and the soft

wings of the breezes of evening fanned no such abode in all the east. The howl of the wolf was never heard here; the sly fox never came here to destroy; and here the serpent's hiss was never heard.

This cottage was the home of HAFED, the aged and the prosperous. He reared this cottage; he adorned this spot; and here for more than four-score years, he had lived and studied. During all this time, the sun had never forgotten to visit him daily; the harvest had never failed, the pestilence had never destroyed, and the mountain-stream had never dried up. The wife of his youth still lived to cheer and bless him; and his son and daughter were such as were not to be found in all that Province. No youth could rein the horse, hurl the javelin, chase the lion, or delight the social circle, like his son. No daughter of kings could be found so beautiful and perfect, as was this daughter, with an eye so bright and joyous, and a form so symmetrical, as hers.

But who can ensure earthly happiness? In one short week, HAFED was stripped of all his joys.

His wife went to see a new white peacock, which it was said a neighbor, who lived a mile off in the ravine, had just brought home. She took cold, and a quick fever followed; and on her return, Hafed saw that she must die. Before two days were gone, the old man was standing at her open grave. He gazed long, and said impatiently—"Cover her,—cover the only woman that I ever loved!"

The son and the daughter both returned from the burial of their mother, fatigued and sick. The nurse gave them, as she thought, a simple medicine. In a few hours it was found to be poison. Hafed saw that they *must* die;—for the laws of nature are fixed, and poison kills. He buried them in one wide, deep grave, and it seemed as if in that grave he buried his reason and his religion. He tore his grey hair,—he cursed the light



of day, and wished the moon turned into blood ; and above all, he blasphemed his God, declaring that the laws which he had established were all wrong, useless, and worse than none. He wished the world were governed by chance ; but, as this was a hopeless wish, he wished that at his death he might go to a world where there was no God to fix unalterable laws. He arraigned the wisdom of God in his government over this world, declaring that his plans were weak, and worse than none, and that it would be far better to have no God in the universe !

In the centre of Hafed's garden stood a large, beautiful Palm-tree. Under it was Hafed sitting, the second evening after closing the grave over his children. The seat on which he sat had been reared by his son. On the leaf of the tree which lay before him, were some exquisite verses written by the pencil of his daughter. Before him lay *the beautiful country* covered with green,

sprinkled here and there, as far as the eye could see, with the habitations of men, and upon this great landscape the shadows of the mighty mountains were now setting. In the east, the moon was just pushing up her modest face, and the gold of day was softening into the silver of night. While Hafed looked on all this, grief began to swell in his throat ; his tongue murmured ; his heart was full of hard thoughts of God, which nearly amounted to blasphemy.

As the night deepened, Hafed, as he then thought, fell asleep with a heavy heart. When he supposed he awoke, it was in a new spot. The mountain, the landscape, the home, were all gone. All was new.

As he stood wondering where he was, he saw a creatuture approaching him, which at first, he mistook for a baboon ; but on its coming near, he discovered that it was a creature somewhat resembling a man, but every way malformed, ill-shaped, and monstrous.

He came up and walked around Hafed as he would a superior being, exclaiming, "beautiful, beautiful creature!"

"Shame, shame on thee!" said Hafed, "dost thou treat a stranger thus with insults? Leave off thy jests, and tell me where I am, and how I came here!"

"I do not know how you came here, but here you are in our world, which we call *chance-world*, because every thing happens here by chance."

"Ah, is it so? This must be delightful! This is just the world for me. Oh! had I always lived here, my beautiful children would not have died under a foolish and inexorable law! Come, show me this world, for I long to see it. But have ye really no God, nor any one to make laws and govern you just as he sees fit?"

"I don't know what you mean by God: we have nothing of that kind here,—nothing but chance; but go with me, and you will *understand* all about it."

As they proceeded, Hafed began to notice that everything looked queer and odd. Some of the grass was green, some red, some white, some new, and some dying ; some grew with the top downward ; all kinds were mingled together ; and on the whole the sight was very painful. He stopped to examine an orchard ; here chance had been at work. On a fine-looking apple-tree, he saw no fruit but large, coarse, cucumbers. A small peach-tree was breaking down under its load of gourds. Some of the trees were growing with their tops downwards, and the roots branching out into the air. Here and there were great holes dug, by which somebody had tried to get down twenty or thirty feet, in order to get the fruit. The guide told Hafed that there was no certainty about these trees ; and you could never tell what fruit a tree would happen to bear. The tree which this year bears cucumbers, may bear potatoes next year, and perhaps you would have

to dig twenty feet for every potatoe you obtained.

They soon met another of the "chance-men." His legs were very unequal in length, one had no knee, and the other no ankle. His ears were set upon his shoulders, and around his head was a thick, black bandage. He came groping his way, and Hafed at once asked him how long since he had lost his sight?

"I have not lost it," said he; "but when I was born, my eye-balls happened to be turned *in* instead of out, and the back parts being outward, are very painful in the light, and so I put on a covering."

"Well, but canst thou see anything? Methinks thou mayest see strange things within."

"True, but the difficulty is to get any light in there. I have contrived various ways to do so,—have had it poured into my ears and nose; but all will not do. Yet I am as well *off as others*. My brother has one good eye

on the top of his head ; but he only looks directly *up* with it to the clouds ; and the sun almost puts it out. He shuts it most of the time during the day ; but it happens to be one of those eyes that will not stay shut, and so the flies trouble him badly. I have a sister who has nineteen eyes in her head ; but they are a vexation. She sees eighteen things too many. Even now she can't realize that she has not nineteen fathers, and as many mothers. She goes to bed, and falls on the floor nineteen times at least before she gets in. She goes to drink, and sees nineteen cups, and knows not which is the real cup. But so it happened, and she is as well off as most in this "chance-world." But, after all, it's a glorious world, I do assure you."

"Wonderful !" said Hafed.

As they proceeded a little further, they met a young lady.

"That young lady," said the guide, "is the greatest beauty in all these parts. All

our young men are bewitched by her ; and there have been no less than twenty duels on her account already. You will be amazed at seeing a being so perfect."

As they met, Hafed stared more fully than is usually considered polite among the orientals. The beauty had a face not altogether unlike a human face, excepting that the mouth was under the chin, the eyes looked separate ways, and the color of the hair was a mixture of red, light-blue, white and yellow. One foot had the heel forward, and one arm was altogether wanting.

"Wonderful, wonderful truly!" cried Hafed. "Twenty duels! But I hope they were not *all* killed, were they?"

Here the beauty began to ogle and mince in her steps most enchantingly.

"Killed," said the guide ; "you seem to know nothing about us. They all met and fought together ; but as every thing goes here by chance, it is not often that we can get our powder to burn. In this case only one

got his gun off at all, and that did not happen to go off till night, when he was going to bed, when it wounded his hand, which has been bleeding ever since."

"Ever since! How long ago was this? She did not look as if it could have been to-day."

"Oh! it was two years ago."

"Two years ago! and why don't ye seek the leech, and have the poor boy saved from bleeding to death—even though he was a fool—for more reasons than one?"

"Ah! you don't understand it. Every thing goes by chance here; and there is only a chance that a man who is wounded will ever be healed. This is one of those cases, in which he will never be healed."

"I don't understand it, truly," said Hafed.

They stopped to look at some "chance-cattle" in a yard. Some had but three legs; some had the head on the wrong part of the body; some were covered with wool, under



which they were sweltering in a climate always tropical. Some were half horse and half ox. One cow had a young dwarf of a camel following her, and claiming her as his mother. Young elephants were there with the flocks of sheep ; horses with claws like a lion, and geese clamping round the yard with hoofs like horses. It was all the work of chance.

"This," said the guide "is a choice collection of cattle. You never saw the like before."

"That is true,—truth itself!" cried Hafed.

"Ah ! but the owner had been at almost infinite pains and expense to collect them. I don't believe there is another such collection any where in all this 'chance-world'."

"I hope not," said Hafed.

Just as they were leaving the premises, the owner came out, to admire, and show, and talk over his treasures. He wanted to gaze at Hafed ; but his head happened to be near the ground between his feet, so that

he had to mount up on a wall, before he could get a fair view of the stranger.

"Don't think I am a happy man," said he to Hafed, "in having so many and such perfect animals. Alas! even in this happy and perfect world, there are always drawbacks. That fine looking cow yonder happens to give nothing but warm water for milk; and her calf, poor thing, died the first week. Some of them have good-looking eyes, but from some defect, are stone blind. Some cannot live in the light, and few of them can hear. No two eat the same food, and it is a great labor to take care of them. I sometimes feel as if I had almost as lief be a poor man."

"I think I should rather!" said Hafed.

While they were talking, in an instant, they were in midnight darkness. The sun was gone, and Hafed could not for some time see his guide.

"What *has* happened?" said he.

"Oh! nothing uncommon," said the guide.

"The sun happened to go down now. There is no regular time for him to shine ; but he goes and comes just as it happens, and leaves as suddenly as you see."

"As I *don't* see," said Hafed ; "but I hope he will come back at an *appointed* time, at any rate."

"That, Sir, will be just as it happens. Sometimes he is gone for months, and sometimes for weeks, and sometimes only for a few minutes. Just as it happens. We may not see him again for months, but perhaps he will come soon."

"But how do you talk about months, and days, when you have no such things?"

"I will soon tell you about that. We measure time here by the *yard*"——

"By the yard?"

"Yes ; we call that time which the most perfect men among us take in walking a *yard* to be the sixtieth part of an hour. These hours we reckon into days, and these days into years. To be sure we are not very ex-

act, because some men walk so much faster than others ; but this is just as their legs happen to be long or short."

As the guide was proceeding, to the unexpressible joy of all, the sun at once broke out. The light was so sudden, that Hafed at first thought he must be struck with lightning, and actually put his hands up to his eyes, to see if they were safe. He then clapped his hands over his eyes, till he could gradually bear the light. There was a splendor about the sun which he had never before seen ; and it was intolerably hot. The air seemed like a furnace.

" Ah !" said the owner of the cattle, "we must now scorch for it. My poor wool-ox must die at once ! Bad luck, bad luck to us ! The sun has come back much nearer than he was before. But we hope he will happen to go away again soon, and then happen to come back further off the next time."

The sun was now pouring down his heat so intensely, that they were glad to go into

the house for shelter—a miserable-looking place indeed. Hafed could not but compare it with his own beautiful cottage. Some timbers were rotten ; for the tree was not, as it happened, the same thing in all its parts. Some of the boards happened to be like paper, and the nails tore out, and these were loose and coming off. They had to do their cooking out, under the burning sun ; for when the smoke once got into the house, there was no getting it out, unless it happened to go, which was not very often.

They invited Hafed to eat. On sitting down at table, he noticed that each had a different kind of food, and that no two could eat out of the same dish. He was told that it so happened, that the food which one could eat, was poison to another, and what was agreeable to one, was nauseating to another. Selecting the food which looked most inviting, Hafed attempted to eat. What was his surprise when he found that his hands did not happen to be under the

control of his will, and, instead of carrying the food to his mouth, these active servants put it into his right ear! On examining, he found it was so with all the rest, and by imitating the company, and twisting his head round over his right shoulder, and placing his mouth where the ear was, he managed to eat. In amazement, he asked how this happened.

"Ah!" said they, laughing at his ignorance of the world, "we have no fixed laws here. All is chance. Sometimes we have one or more limbs for a long time which are not under the control of our will. It is just as it happens. So when we drink, we find it always true, that

'Some shed it on their shoulder,  
Some shed it on their thigh;  
And he that does not hit his mouth  
Is sure to hit his eye.'

"I suppose that to be coffee," said Hafed  
"and I will thank you for a cup."

It was handed him. He had been troubled with a tooth-ache for some hours, and

how did he quail when on filling his mouth he found it was ice, in little pieces about as large as pigeon-shot!

“Do you call ice-water, coffee, here?” said Hafed, pressing his hand upon the cheek where the tooth was now dancing with pain.

“That is just as it happens. We put water over the fire, and sometimes it heats it, and sometimes it freezes it. How can it be otherwise, when we have here no fixed laws of any kind? It is all chance-work.”

Hafed rose from the table in anguish of spirit. He remembered the world where he *had* lived, and all that was passed. He had desired to live in a world where there was no God,—where all was governed by chance so far as there was any thing that looked like government. Here he was, and here he must live. He threw himself on a bed, and recalled the past—the beautiful world in which he had once lived; his ingratitude,—his murmurings, and his blasphemy against the wisdom and goodness of God. He wept

like infancy. He would have prayed, and even began a prayer ; but then he recollected that there was no God here—nothing to direct events—nothing but chance. He shed many and bitter tears of repentance. At last he wept himself asleep.

When Hafed again awoke, he was sitting under his palm-tree in his own beautiful garden. It was morning. At the appointed moment, the glorious sun rose up in the east ;—the fields were all green and fresh ; the trees were all right end upwards, and covered with blossoms ; the beautiful deer were bounding in their gladness, over the lawn, and the songsters in the trees, which in plumage and sweetness, might have vied with those that sang in Eden, were uttering their morning song.

Hafed arose,—recalled that ugly dream, and then wept for joy. Was he again in a world where chance does not reign ? He looked up, and then turned to the God of heaven and earth,—the God of laws and of



order. He gave glory to him, and confessed that his ways, to us unsearchable, are full of wisdom. He was a new man. Tears indeed fell at the graves of his family; but he now lived to do good to men, and to make others happy. He called a young and worthy couple, distant relatives, to fill his house. His home again smiled, and peace and contentment came back, and were his abiding guests.

Hafed would never venture to affirm whether this was a dream, or a reality. On the whole he was inclined to think it real, and that there is somewhere a "chance-world;" but he always shook his head, and declared that, so far from wishing to live there, nothing gave him greater cause of gratitude as he daily knelt in prayer, than the fact, that he lived in a world where God ruled,—and ruled by laws fixed, wise, and merciful.

# THE DEPARTED CHILD.

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[On hearing a Lecture by Mr. Todd.]

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BY A FRIEND.

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A MIMIC mill was on the stream ;  
A pond sent up its cheerful gleam ;  
The ducks upon the surface played ;  
The poultry by its margin strayed ;  
A windmill clattered on the shed ;  
The martins near, their younglings fed,  
Or, perched upon their little roof,  
Beheld their insect food aloof ;  
An orchard there with many a shoot,  
Too young to yield its pleasant fruit ;  
A little rake upon the wall ;  
A little cart a child might haul ;  
A little shed, the chickens' home, •  
Whence from their parent they would roam ;  
A hive within a fragrant bower ;  
A well-wrought plat with many a flower ;  
These were the things that met the eye,  
But *he* who made them was not by.

Within the house a little stool,  
That showed a nicely handled tool ;  
A little bedstead, and a nut,  
Into a basket neatly cut ;  
A little table and a chair :  
But *he* who made them was not there.

The parents said it was their son,  
Who all these various things had done ;  
Had built the mill, the pond had made ;  
Had reared the ducks that on it played ;  
Had made his sisters many a toy,  
And built that house, the martin's joy ;  
Had nursed those trees and made them thrive ;  
Had made the bees their curious hive ;  
Had dug the plat and reared the flowers,  
To cheer the summer's sultry hours ;  
Had made the cart in which might ride  
His little sisters, side by side.  
Their books the little sisters brought,  
Their brother's hoarded pence had bought.  
They showed the shelves their brother made,  
With minerals and dried plants arrayed.  
*Within the door* these lines appeared,  
*Doubly by Willam's death endeared :*

To shine with colors of its own ;  
" Remember Him who made the stone  
Who made the plant the eye to please,  
And made the eye the plant that sees.  
May you be gems of heavenly dye,  
And plants to bloom above the sky."

Children, this youth you never saw,  
But could you not his portrait draw ?  
Say, was he gentle, kind, and good,  
Or selfish, and of surly mood ?  
Did useful skill his hands employ,  
Or was he but an idle boy ?  
Think you he sought his God in prayer,  
Or was *this* world his only care ?  
He's gone ; but still in actions lives ;  
Then read the lesson that he gives.

Whence comes the green that clothes the fields ?  
And whence the food that nature yields,  
Adapted to each different taste,  
And in its proper region placed ?  
Whence comes the fur that warms the bear,  
That on the icebergs makes his lair ?

The fat in which the whale is rolled  
To screen him from the arctic cold ?  
Whence comes the beauty that we see  
In every flower and every tree ?  
Who taught the nightingale to sing,  
And gave the jay his painted wing ?  
Who made the eye, shall He not see  
The wonders he has spread for me ?  
Nature declares there is a Power  
Around and in us every hour,  
Who knows our wants, sustains our frame,  
Whose kindness, every hour the same,  
Calls for our gratitude and love,  
Bids our affections soar above  
The transient forms around us strown,  
And cluster round his holy throne.

G. F. M.

SCENES  
IN THE  
LIFE OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

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Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women, there has not risen a greater than John the Baptist.

JOHN the Baptist, was an only son, yet his parents being righteous before God, did not ruin him by his education. All we know about his youth, is—that he was sanctified by the Holy Ghost from his birth, and that he spent the first twenty-eight years of his life in the wilderness—probably preparing himself for his great work.

The first time he comes before the world he comes in the character of a preacher of righteousness. The news is spread over the land that a preacher has arisen in the wilderness possessing a holiness of life, and a power of eloquence, that astonishes all who have

heard him. He says that his office is to prepare the nation for the immediate coming of the Savior, the Messiah.

But why should he be so eccentric! He eats not as other men, he dresses not as other men. A garment of hair, and a girdle of leather is all his dress. Locusts and wild-honey are all his food. This was *symbolical*—not merely to teach that luxurious nation their need of deadness to the world,—but to make him feel it himself. He was taught by the Spirit of God—and undoubtedly knew, that he had a most important office, and was laid under great responsibility. Upon him might turn the great question whether the Son of God, should be received or rejected ;—whether that nation should be saved for time and for eternity, or be lost.

He knew that he had a great work—and but little time in which to do it. The path was short, but full of dangers. The work was glorious and delightful, but full of trials ; *and he girded himself as one would gird himself for war !*

## JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS.

In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying Repent ye, for the Kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Let us now visit the great preacher. He has been in the work about a month. His name has gone through the land. The whole nation have heard of him and have been moved.

Go and stand on that little hill. On your left is the wilderness, and there is the stone on which John will stand to preach. Look off to the right. There is the great road which leads down from Jerusalem. Do you see that great cloud of dust? Do you see that long caravan—of horses glittering under their splendid caparisons:—of camels laden with families—of mules with their burdens? Do you see that long line of footmen? This great multitude are all coming to hear the preacher!

There is the nobleman in purple, with his train of servants, trying to get near. There is the proud Pharisee! There is the



jealous Priest, and the degraded Levite : There is one weeping under a sense of sin. There comes a number of Roman Soldiers, in their uniform, with their spears in the hand—there comes the lame and the blind—all have come to hear this voice in the wilderness. Some have come tens of miles—some hundreds. They have slept by the way-side—they have drank at the brook. They have eaten their provisions under the burning sun ! O what eagerness to hear preaching !

And what do they expect to hear ! Why the most of them have determined what they must hear. The preacher must tell them of the days and the glory of David and of Solomon—and tell them how God is their God and their friend. He must describe their ancient greatness—and compare it with their present condition. The oppressions and the cruelties of the Romans, their masters, must all be described. And then he must speak of war and deliverance. He

must tell of a Redeemer about to rise, who shall blow the trumpet of war and call the nation to arms, and lead them to victory. He shall shake off the Roman domination and bring back a glory brighter than that of Solomon. And John must prepare the nation. He must tell them how and where to procure arms ;—he must tell them how and where to lay up provisions for war ;—he must organize them into an army ready for the Great Leader to come and guide them on to victory, and glory, and revenge.

This is what they *expected* to hear. But what *did* John the Baptist, preach ! What *did* they hear !

He began by laying the axe at the root of the tree. He told them of their sins and of their guilt. He described the dealings of God with them. He opened their bosoms and described their hypocrisy and guilt. O generation of vipers ! who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come. Do not come here covering over your hypocrisy :

—for the master hath taken his fan in his hand and he will do the work of purging the floor thoroughly. Do not come here, professing to repent and to lop off some of the branches of the dead and fruitless tree, for the axe is to be laid at its root. Do not come here relying on the fact that you are under the covenant of Abraham. No—sooner than call *you* children, God will raise up the stones of the street, and make *them* his children. Think not to *delay*. No—the kingdom of heaven is at hand, and you must *now* fall down in true repentance, or that stone which is already cut out of the mountains without hands, will roll over you and crush you !

Such was what they *did* hear ! John was now rising fast in popularity. His name was in the mouth of every one. What an eloquence must he have, to draw a nation off into the wilderness ! What eagerness and curiosity must have filled the minds of men to lead them thus to gather around this

poor man and hang all their hopes of deliverance upon him! 'The Senate of the nation are moved, and send a Special Committee from Jerusalem to inquire if he is the expected Savior, and if they shall offer the crown to him? No—he rejects their crown. Is he Jeremiah—or one of the old Prophets come up from the grave! No—nothing like it. They cannot flatter him. He is no king to receive their crown ;—no. No Prophet to set himself up with Jeremiah—no—he is only a voice raised up in the wilderness, which will quickly pass away and be gone!

#### JOHN AT THE JORDAN.

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan, unto John, to be baptised of him.

John has now been a few months in the ministry, and during that time has probably addressed more people than any other preacher that ever lived.

Now look at him once more. Go where

you can overlook the valley of the Jordan. John stands down by the waters edge. As far as the eye can reach all along the banks of the river, the multitudes are drawn up on both sides in eager curiosity. What is he now to do? His disciples stand behind him and gaze. What is he going to do? There are none to be baptized at this time. There are the great ones in their chariots and upon their horses, looking down with a little more than total indifference. There is now and then a praying man who feels his bosom beat quicker than usual, though he hardly knows why. There is here and there a group who are whispering, and laughing, and mocking at the hair-clad preacher! John stands still. His arms are folded—his looks more solemn—more heavenly than usual. What does it all mean? All the multitude are hushed! Hark! do you hear that murmur? Do you see that multitude open, and hear them whisper, “it is the Prophet of Galilee”—do you see him go down to John, and bow

his head to receive baptism ! Hark ! you hear them in conversation. “I have more need” says John, “to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me”—gazing at him with his eyes filled with tears ! “Suffer it to be so now, for so it becomes us to fulfil all righteousness.” ‘I am now to enter upon my office as Priest, and God hath commanded all such to be sprinkled with clean water.’ Then he baptized him.

As the multitude gaze down the banks of the river, they hear a noise above them. At once all are looking up. The heavens are opening, and it seems as if the eye could now pierce even to the throne of God. They see a bright spot of light, far, far up in the parted heavens. They watch it. It comes nearer, and nearer. It hovers like a Dove of light, spreading its wings ;—it alights on the head of the despised Jesus of Nazereth ! What does it mean ! Will it destroy him as an impostor ! No, they hear a voice from the very throne of God. “This is my be-

loved Son in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye him !”

Not a word is said. Not a whisper is heard. Those great ones have forgotten their greatness. Those mockers have hushed their impious sneers. The crowd once more opens and Jesus goes out—and you see John stand and point after Him and cry, “Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world !”

#### JOHN AT THE COURT.

For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man, and an holy, and observed him: and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly.

The popularity of John increases. His fame has reached the court of Herod. The whole nation must hear him, and why should not the king as well as the rest? The whole court participate in the desire and John must go to the palace! Go now to that great Hall of State, where perhaps a thousand officers may sit. They are all assem-

bled. Herod is there. The queen is there. The counsellors, and officers, and warriors are there. And there is the purple, and the diadem—the curtains, and the trappings of earthly greatness. And John is there. He has become a court-preacher ! You see him enter—the guards stand back and slacken their grasp upon their spears. John preaches ! They never saw *a man* before ! All the rest were mere shadows. They never heard *eloquence* before—all the rest was mere flattery and compliment. They never saw *dignity* before. All the rest was mere putting on. They have seen men draw the sword, and in the heat of battle, rush onward ; but they never saw *cool* courage before. Herod is amazed, and all are pleased. The king will keep such a holy man, and he shall be his friend and counsellor ! But John will not stay unless Herod reforms. Well, he will do that ! He will do much. All goes on prosperously. But did you notice how the queen colored and sat uneasy while



John was preaching! He said something which perhaps, was not refined enough! He used a coarse expression, perhaps! She is not used to such awkwardness, perhaps! She is a person of great sensibility and taste, perhaps! At any rate John has failed there! She is a woman of great spirit, and of great influence! What a pity that he should prejudice her against him at the very outset! You will not suppose that she dislikes the *truth of God*! Oh! no—she likes *that* to be sure, but she cannot endure that rough preacher! The king learns that there is a difficulty here. And of course, the blame must all come upon the preacher! He sends hints to John to be more cautious, or he will lose the good graces of the queen. Still there is no alteration in the preaching of John. The queen will not hear him; the king frowns; the courtiers scowl. It does no good. At last the king chides him in anger. John is cool, and in a subdued voice, in all the serenity of the truth of God, brings

the question to a final issue. "Whore-mongers, and adulterers, God will judge." "I tell thee, I tell all, before heaven and earth, it is not lawful for thee to have that woman for thy wife. The laws of God and man condemn you!" It is the last sermon which the king ever hears from the lips of John. He would have smote him with his own hand ; but he dared not, for all men esteemed John a prophet. He only shut him up in prison !

#### HEROD'S BIRTH DAY.

And he sent and beheaded John in prison.

On a great rock on the shore of the beautiful Lake of Galilee, there is a large stone building, with small grated windows. Just at sunset you might have seen the face of a prisoner at one of those little grated windows. What does he think of, as he gazes upon that lovely Lake spread out like liquid silver—as he hears the dash of the oars of many a boat, and the ripple of the waves as they just undulate enough to break against the

rock on which the prison stands! Is he sighing to be free, and to be sailing over that Lake! What does that prisoner think of, as he looks off over the blue hills where the yellow sun is sinking away in the west? Is he sighing to be at liberty to go out once more and roam over those beautiful hills? What does he think of, as he hears the notes of music as they float over the waters, and almost die away, before they reach his ear, as if afraid of the walls of that dismal prison! Is he sighing for freedom from those chains, or, are his heart and his thoughts above, in that world where the prisoner shall be free forever!

Night comes on. Darkness draws her curtain over the world. And now the dashing of the oar is more frequent. The neighing of horses, as well as their trampling, is heard, The centinel walks on his post with a quicker step. The guards on duty are drawn up, and the air is filled with music. The prisoner looks towards the palace, and sees it all light-

ed up, so that the glare spreads far over the bosom of the Lake. The very Jailer seems hurried ; and as he hastily brings the prisoner his scanty supper, he says that *it is Herod's birth-day!*—locks his door, and departs.

Herod's birth-day ! The prisoner sets down his poor meal untasted. Herod's birth-day ! Why should it trouble him ? It does not. But O, what a world of sin is this. The prisoner has knelt a long time upon the cold stones of his cell. It seems as if he could not stop his prayer. He prays for that king, that guilty queen, that wretched court, that guilty nation, and rejoices that now that his feeble light is put under a bushel, there is a brighter one kindled up. As he goes to the window to take one more look, he hears the evening hymn which his disciples are singing at the gate of the prison ! His soul is stayed on God, and he lies down to sleep. And he does sleep !

It is now sometime past midnight. The

heavy bolt of the door draws back, and the prisoner hears his door open. There stands the jailer with his keys. There a half-intoxicated life-guard with a drawn sword in his hand. Beside him stands a boy holding a light and a basin! A single look reveals it all to the prisoner. Shall he ask what is wanted? No, he knows. Shall he ask for a few moments for prayer? No; the executioner is half-intoxicated, and he will not feel or show mercy! Not a word passes. The block is down in the yard. The light goes on—the prisoner follows—the executioner comes next. They have now come to the block!

The moon moved on in silence—the earth was all peaceful. It would seem as if angels might sleep on the balmy air. At that moment the golden gates of heaven lifted up their everlasting heads, and the greatest prophet ever born of woman entered it, and found the spot where the wicked cease from troubling, and all the weary rest!

We need follow him no further. There he has been ever since. There he is to-day and there, (if we are prepared by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost,) there shall we one day meet him, and with him rejoice forever more!



## THE PURITAN PASTOR.

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About the year 1638 or '9, eighteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, a number of people came from Rowley, England, and settled in Rowley, Essex Co., Mass. At the head of these was the famous Ezekiel Rogers, who had been their pastor for twenty years before they crossed the waters. Hence we have reason to believe, that most of this little colony were pious people. Among them was a young man by the name of Hugh Chaplin.

The Rev. Daniel Chaplin, of the third generation from Hugh, was born at Rowley, December 30, 1743. His parents were Jonathan Chaplin and Sarah Boynton, the former of whom died January 1, 1794 in his 88th year, and the latter February 19, 1784. The father is thus described by his



son. "He was small in stature, and at no period of his life robust. Temperance and regularity contributed much to his enjoying an uncommon degree of health, comfort and longevity. He was remarkable for modesty of spirit, for calmness and constancy. As a Christian, he never made high professions, but was always steady and persevering in the practice of what he believed to be his duty. He was punctual and devout in attending on all the external duties of religion. It plainly appeared to be a fixed principle in his mind, that no one can be a real disciple of Christ without doing what he had commanded. *To the best of my recollection I never knew him set down to a regular meal in his family, or in the field, or wherever he labored and ate abroad, though there were but one present to eat with him, without asking a blessing and returning thanks.* He was very industrious and economical; brought up his children with great care and tenderness; gave them

many lessons of wisdom, virtue, and piety ; and always added a good example to his precepts. As he lived, so he died, with serenity, entertaining a good hope of salvation by Christ."

The mother of Dr. Chaplin seems also to have been an uncommonly discreet, judicious and devoted Christian. By these parents he was dedicated to Christ in baptism, in infancy. I have not been able to ascertain the manner of his youth, nor even the time when Dr. Chaplin became the subject of renewing grace. He seems to have spent the early part of his life with his father, probably at manual labor. And from some hints among his writings, I should judge he had no thoughts of obtaining a collegiate education till after his conversion, and when he wanted an education as an instrument of usefulness. Nor can I ascertain to a certainty when he made a public profession of religion. In March preceding the time of entering college, he drew up and signed a

very remarkable prayer, or rather covenant, by which he solemnly consecrated himself to God. It was probably done on the day of his making a profession of religion, and in the year in which he was twenty-six years of age. The following is the paper alluded to.

“Infinite Jehovah, Eternal Majesty of all worlds, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three in person, though but one in essence, I do this day, which is March 27, 1769, in a most serious, considerate and solemn manner, give up myself unto Thee, soul and body, living and dying, for the present momentary state of my earthly existence, and for the future endless state of my being, to be from this time forward wholly at thy wise and gracious disposal. I make choice of thy favor for my portion, esteeming it infinitely preferable to all the enjoyments of sin, and hoping for it in no other way but through Jesus Christ the mediator. Thy law I look upon as altogether holy, just and good, and

will aim to pay constant and universal obedience to it. If 'Thou shalt spare my life, I will devote my time and all other talents to Thee, to be improved in Thy service, and to Thy glory. I further engage always to resist the suggestions and temptations of Satan, the enemy of God and man, and to attend with diligence and obedience to the teachings of the Holy Spirit in and by the holy Scriptures. I willingly resign earth for heaven, and the applause of man for Thy approbation and that of my own conscience. To Thee, O Lord, I commit my *all*. And being sensible that I am weak and insufficient of myself to do what I have promised, I depend upon the constant and powerful assistance of the Holy Spirit to enable me. May this solemn engagement be ratified in heaven.

DANIEL CHAPLIN."

Immediately after the above, he subjoins certain resolutions by which to govern his future life. I cannot but think they are

written with uncommon precision and power, for a young man who had not yet entered the walls of a college.

“For the future direction of my life I resolve,

“1. That I will make religion my chief concernment.

“2. That I will never be afraid or ashamed to speak in defence of religion.

“3. That I will make it my daily practice to read some part of the holy Scriptures, that I may become acquainted with the will of God, and be quickened and comforted, and qualified to serve Christ and promote the interests of his kingdom in the world.

“4. That I will every day reflect upon death and eternity.

“5. That I will daily pray to God in secret.

“6. That upon all proper occasions I will reprove vice, and discountenance it, and to my utmost encourage virtue and religion.

“7. That I will dispute only for light, or to communicate it.

“8. That I will receive light wherever and however offered.

“9. That I will give up no principle before I am convinced of its absurdity or bad consequences.

“10. That I will never be ashamed to confess a fault to an equal or to an inferior.”

After leaving college, he made additions to these resolutions from time to time, as he felt their need. I will select only two, though the limits of selection are large.

In September 29, 1772, just after leaving college, he resolves, “to keep one day in every month, when my circumstances will admit of it, as a day of fasting and prayer, more especially to seek unto God for ministerial gifts and graces, for direction and assistance in all spiritual life, and for the enlargement of Christ’s kingdom in the world;”—  
*“to make it a rule to do no action, at any time or place, of which action I should not be willing to be a witness against myself hereafter.”*

On the back of the paper containing the above, is the following memorandum, dated, "Groton, August 2, 1814. I have great cause of shame and humiliation, that I have adhered no more closely to the foregoing solemn covenant, and resolutions; yet I feel myself under great obligations to acknowledge the mercy and faithfulness of my God and Savior, in enabling me to be faithful, as I have reason to believe, in a good degree. I have also abundant encouragement to hope and trust that his grace will be sufficient for me in time to come."

Dr. Chaplin fitted for college at Dummer's Academy. At that time, his teacher remarks, "young Chaplin had a large corporeal system, and a mind no ways inferior." He graduated at Harvard College, (from which also he received the honor of D. D.) in a class of forty-eight, of whom six were ministers. He was one of the first three scholars in his class.

From the time of leaving college to his

ordination, six years intervened. A part of this time was spent in the study of theology, at Portsmouth, N. H. under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Chandler.

On January 1, 1778, Dr. Chaplin was ordained at Groton, as I believe by a unanimous request of the church and people. The town had just been convulsed by a high political excitement which caused the removal of his predecessor. It required a very uncommon share of prudence thus to settle in a community, torn as it were by a hurricane. But God sent a pilot who could calmly hold the helm amid troubled waters.

Two years after his settlement, he had an invitation to take charge of the Academy at Exeter, where his prospects of a comfortable support for his family were much more flattering than among his people, in those times of distress. But after much prayer, he concluded that he should probably do more good to remain at the post where he had been stationed; and he relinquish-



ed bright prospects without a murmur.

\* \* \* \* \*

I now proceed to mention some traits in the character of Dr. Chaplin which were prominent.

1. He was *sound and eminently evangelical in his sentiments*.—My acquaintance with Dr. C. did not commence, until he had begun to fail under the labors of the pulpit. I well recollect the following to have been the impression which I received ; that he was a most venerable and graceful man, distinguished for his piety, and very clear and evangelical in his views. I believe this would have been the impression which any stranger would be likely to receive. He was not tied up to systems of theology—perhaps not as methodical in his classification of the doctrines as modern theologians generally ; but for clear, definite, scriptural, common-sense views of the government of God, few have been his equal.

2. Dr. Chaplin was uniformly *a very decided man*.

Few men have shared so entirely the confidence of their people as he did. One reason of this was, they always knew where to find him. In coming to a decision, he did not bring his foot down with great vehemence, but when it was down, there was no moving it. It was that kind of decision usually denominated *persevering*. There was no tiring him out. Cautious and cool in concluding to pursue any given course of conduct, he was inflexible in pursuing it. No obstacles, no difficulties could move or deter him. On one occasion, he found a poor family sick, and suffering from the cold. He told the woman that she should have a load of wood the next day. During the night a very heavy snow fell, and drifting, blocked up the roads. But the next day, the old man, then nearly seventy, was chopping in the woods, while his son was breaking paths out, with a few sticks at a load, till the family had received the full load promised ; and then they went and cut it up. By this

time it was night ; but he had kept his word and supplied the destitute, at a time when most men would have called it an impossibility.

Probably this trait of character was one cause of the peace and tranquility of the town for so long a period. The temperament of a public man is soon known. If he is fickle, or easily moved, there will always be enough to keep him in trouble, turning to the right hand or to the left, and then complaining of his want of consistency of character. If he is firm and not easily turned, men will soon feel that it is useless to try ; and if he preserves a conscience void of offence, they will suffer him to walk in his own path unmolested. It is not for the peace or the happiness of a people to have a minister who dares form no opinions, and pursue no course or plans, without first consulting them.

3. Dr. Chaplin was a man of *deep and uniform piety*.

All who have heard him pray, will readily admit this. There was a deep solemnity upon all, when he rose to pray. It was the sympathy of the heart. There was an unction about him, and a fulness of thought and feeling, which is sometimes called appropriateness, but which means that the heart accompanies the language. He seemed to stand on the top of Pisgah and see all the promised land. From an intimate acquaintance with him I have reason to believe, that through life he adhered to the resolution of his youth to pray daily in secret. Indeed it was impossible for any one to have so completely obtained the mastery over himself as he had, without daily and secret communion with God. From some question which he one day put to me, I was led to infer, that for more than sixty years he had daily knelt in his closet. His piety was kindled, nourished, matured in this way. He was a great reader; but the word of God was his chief delight. At morning, noon, and night,

during my acquaintance with him, he was found sitting down with the simplicity of a child, and reading the book of God for nourishment to his soul. And very few men understood the mind of the Spirit better than he.

Even during his last sickness, he would ask and answer questions concerning the word of God which were original and discriminating. While on the very verge of eternity, waiting to receive permission to cross the river of death, he went back to the testimony of the Prophets and Apostles for light and consolation.

Before called away, Dr. C. had many severe trials to pass through. That his parents and aged relatives should go down to the grave before him was not remarkable. But of eight children, whom he saw ripening into maturity, and promising to be his support in old age, he buried five out of his sight. In the furnace of afflictions he was *repeatedly* and severely tried, but he came

out as gold. I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind in seeing him pass the ordeal once. Let me describe it just as it was.

This community will not soon forget Dr. James P. Chaplin, late of Cambridgeport—a man highly and universally beloved. He was cut down suddenly in the bloom of life and in the midst of usefulness. His fall was felt far round the spot where his name is embalmed in the sweetest recollections of those who knew him best. He was the child of many prayers, the object of fond expectation, and was all that a father could desire in a son. The affection between the father and the son was reciprocal. The father leaned upon him as upon a staff; and the son repaid the confidence by acts which nothing but the most refined affection could suggest. It might be said, as of Jacob, the old man's heart was bound up in the child. On Friday evening tidings came, that Dr. J. P. Chaplin was ill; though no

immediate danger was apprehended. On Saturday, the only remaining son went down to see him. On Sabbath evening my Bible Class were assembling—the room was full. I went in and told them I could not be with them, as Dr. Chaplin died that morning at 9 o'clock. A deep, audible! groan through the assembly testified how the stroke was felt in his native village. As we were going to the house of the aged father, the son said, “these are heavy tidings to an old man—to a father almost 90 years of age.” It was all that passed between us on the way. In a few moments I was standing in the family parlor. There was the old man, his wife and two daughters. He was sitting by the stand, reading his little Testament. He arose and gave me his hand. His son dared not trust his feelings to come in. “Have you heard any thing from Cambridge to-day, sir?” “No”—he replied with uncommon quickness. There was a long pause, each *dreading to speak*. “Are you prepared,

Sir, to receive any tidings which Providence may send?" He started perceptibly—the hectic flush passed over his countenance—but it was gone in a moment. "At what hour," said he with a calmness that was more than affecting—it was sublime—"At what hour did the awful event take place?" I told him. A burst of agony broke from every one, except the aged father. As soon as he could speak, he said in a subdued tone of voice, "I think I can say I am thankful to God for having given me such a son—to give back to him!" He then opened his lips, and for an hour, spake with a calmness, a clearness and an eloquence, which showed not only the man, the father, and the minister, but the *Christian*, who had been baptized by the Holy Ghost. A letter which he shortly after wrote to a beloved grandchild, bore ample testimony that this was not the effect of insensibility to the loss.

The last sickness of Dr. C. was severe and trying; but it was borne with the meek-



ness of a child. As death approached, there were no high excitements and raptures; nor were there any fears. He went down to the valley of death as the full sun of autumn sets, when not a cloud dims its brightness. The eye of faith so clearly gazed upon eternal realities, that the bosom gave not a sigh, nor the eye a tear, nor the heart a throb of fear, as the king of terrors came. It seemed not so much like death, as like the sweet confidence of the infant falling asleep in the arms of its father. Many men have been more noticed in life, and many will be longer noticed on earth; but few, it is believed, have found a nearer passage to the bosom of the Savior, or will receive a brighter crown of joy in the day of his appearing.

“The good old man is gone !  
He lies in his saintly rest;  
And his labors all are done,  
And the work he loved the best.  
The good old man is gone——  
But the dead in the Lord are bless'd.”

## THE SEA-CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

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\* \* \* Just as the ship was unfurling her sails, after having taken leave of those most dear, the Captain called at my door. He was on his way down to the wharf. He was a large, noble-looking fellow, with a countenance as open as a full moon, one of those great-hearted, noble-minded men, whom we always set down as belonging to nature's noblemen. He had been on the waters since a boy, was at home as he walked the deck on any part of the ocean, but simple as a child everywhere else. As he took my hand to say farewell to his pastor, I saw the large tears standing in his eyes.

“I am off, sir, and want to give you the last shake of the hand, and to say God bless you! But there is one thing more”—and

his voice began to falter and break—"there is one thing more. MY ELLEN! I WANT TO ASK YOU TO REMEMBER HER, AND PRAY FOR HER, AND LABOR FOR HER SALVATION. Oh! how I want to see her a christian!"—alluding to his young and beautiful wife.

I returned the grasp of the hand, and said, "I will do all in my power. But you also, Captain R. must pray for her."


"Sir, I never walk the deck and look up to the bright stars which speak so of God, without always and all the time raising my heart and my prayer to God for Ellen's conversion. I shall do it, on the ocean, and in China, and wherever I am."

We parted, both much affected; the ship with her great-hearted Captain went off on the long voyage to China for a most valuable cargo of teas and silks, and it was a long, long time before I saw him again.


In the mean time I was sowing beside all waters, as well as in stony places. God in *his great mercy* came down by his Spirit,

and very many of my dear young people were brought into the kingdom of heaven. Twenty-five, all in the morning of life, stood up together, and took the vows of heaven upon them. Let us follow the Captain.

His voyage out was prosperous. The ship was laden with a cargo of almost incredible amount, and once more her bowsprit pointed towards home. She was fully and carefully insured. When twelve days out of Canton, she sprang a leak, and leaked terribly. The two pumps were put in motion ; there were only two ways of relieving her, the one was, to make for the Island of Mauritius, unlade and repair, or to pump her day and night all the way home. To do the former, would cost the underwriters, for duties, etc. not less than fifty or sixty thousand dollars. The generous man, therefore, at the peril of life and health, determined to crowd sail for home. By almost super-human efforts, the old ship, with her



temperance Captain and crew, retraced her way back to her native shores. Not a word in all this time, had he heard from his home, his wife, or his country. When almost ready to sink with fatigue, and when the crew were worn down by this incessant pumping, the Captain hoped he was off the Capes of Delaware ; but the fog was so thick that he could not tell where he was. In great distress of mind, he fired a gun for a pilot, lifting his heart to God at the same moment, in prayer for help. Scarcely had the smoke of the gun cleared away, before a pilot-boat seemed to loom up directly out of the water ! There she was, at the very moment when most needed and desired. The pilot jumped on board and handed the Captain a letter. It was Ellen's hand-writing ! He knew then that death had spared him and his. He opened the letter and trembled and wept. It informed him that his lovely wife was a christian ! He forgot all his anxieties and toils in a moment, and



poured out his soul to God in thanksgiving and praise!

When the ship was moored at the wharf, and the cargo was out, and the pumps had ceased, and the underwriters had rewarded the crew, they asked Capt. R. what they should do for him? He replied, in the simple nobleness of his soul, "Gentlemen, I have done my duty. I have hazarded my life to do it, but not for money. I have no blood to sell for money." They, however, presented his wife a silver tea-set, worth perhaps seven or eight hundred dollars, as an expression of their admiration and gratitude. But the silver tea-set, and the compliments and the offers of ships for future voyages, were nothing to him in comparison with the joy which he felt, when he next came to the church, and sat down at the table of Christ with his lovely Ellen! And his joy was nothing like that which was felt in heaven, when one sinner is converted to God! I am now far from them, and may

never see them again; but their image is often before my mind. I look back upon the little incident narrated, as upon one which is pleasant in a Pastor's memory, and I hope I have something of grateful joy, as I look forward to the time when we shall have passed over the ocean of life, and shall meet in the quiet haven of everlasting rest.

The eye of some cherished wife may fall upon this paper—the wife over whom tears have fallen fast and thick, and for whom the prayers of those who forgot themselves in anxiety for you, have day and night gone up to heaven. Oh! favored woman! Do not let those burning tears and those sighs of a pious heart rise up against thee at the last great day! The toil or the means of your indulgent husband may surround you with luxuries and comforts, but the Redeemer of sinners only can give you a robe that shall never be tarnished, and a crown that shall never fade!

## A GRATEFUL MAN.

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\* \* \* \* The Sun was just coming to her moorings at the long and beautiful pier at Oswego. The mate was in an animated conversation with some one, and as the strong mooring-rope was flung over the post, I heard him say, "No, no, there is no such thing. I never in my life saw a grateful man, not even a Christian." At that moment there was a splash and a shriek ! then a man about thirty-five ran from the door of the ladies' cabin, crying in tones which no one who heard them can forget or imitate, "It is my boy, it is my only boy !" The deep green waters had already covered him. But in a moment the mate was down, hanging on the end of a rope, and just as the boy, a sweet fellow, of about ten years, was



sinking to rise no more, he thrust down his arm, and caught him by the hair, some two or three feet under water. He drew him out, and gave him back to the father, who was uttering his entreaties, and to his mother who was still, and uttered not a word. Her countenance was more eloquent than words. Some time after this, when the feelings had subsided, I saw the father take the mate one side. What he said I know not; but he spoke, and the tears flowed down his cheek. The noble sailor refused any compensation; and after a hard shake of the hand, I once more heard the mate say to his friend—"I was mistaken. I have seen one grateful man—and he is a Christian!" \* \* \* \*

## FUNERAL HYMN.

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Written at the death of Mrs. W., of Northampton, Mass.

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THE sigh of the mourner,  
Comes loud from each weeper,  
For here they have borne her,  
Cut off by The Reaper !  
God hath distressed us—  
Oh ! where is another  
Like her who hath left us—  
Wife, daughter, and mother !

Like the leaf of the forest  
All seared and decaying ;  
“ When our need was the sorest,”  
And we prayed for her staying—  
She hath gone to her Master,  
To the regions of bliss,  
And mounted the faster  
To be where He is,

As *he* leads to his dwelling  
The babes that are left him,  
His bosom is swelling—  
For death hath bereft him :—  
But the prayers that *she* offered,  
Are written on high—  
And mercy is proffered,  
To smother each sigh.

And Zion's young daughter  
Comes sad to her feast,—\*  
For God hath now taught her,  
To mourn a loved guest :—  
But peace to the sleeper !  
Till time shall grow hoary,  
E'en the grave that receives her  
Is surrounded with glory.

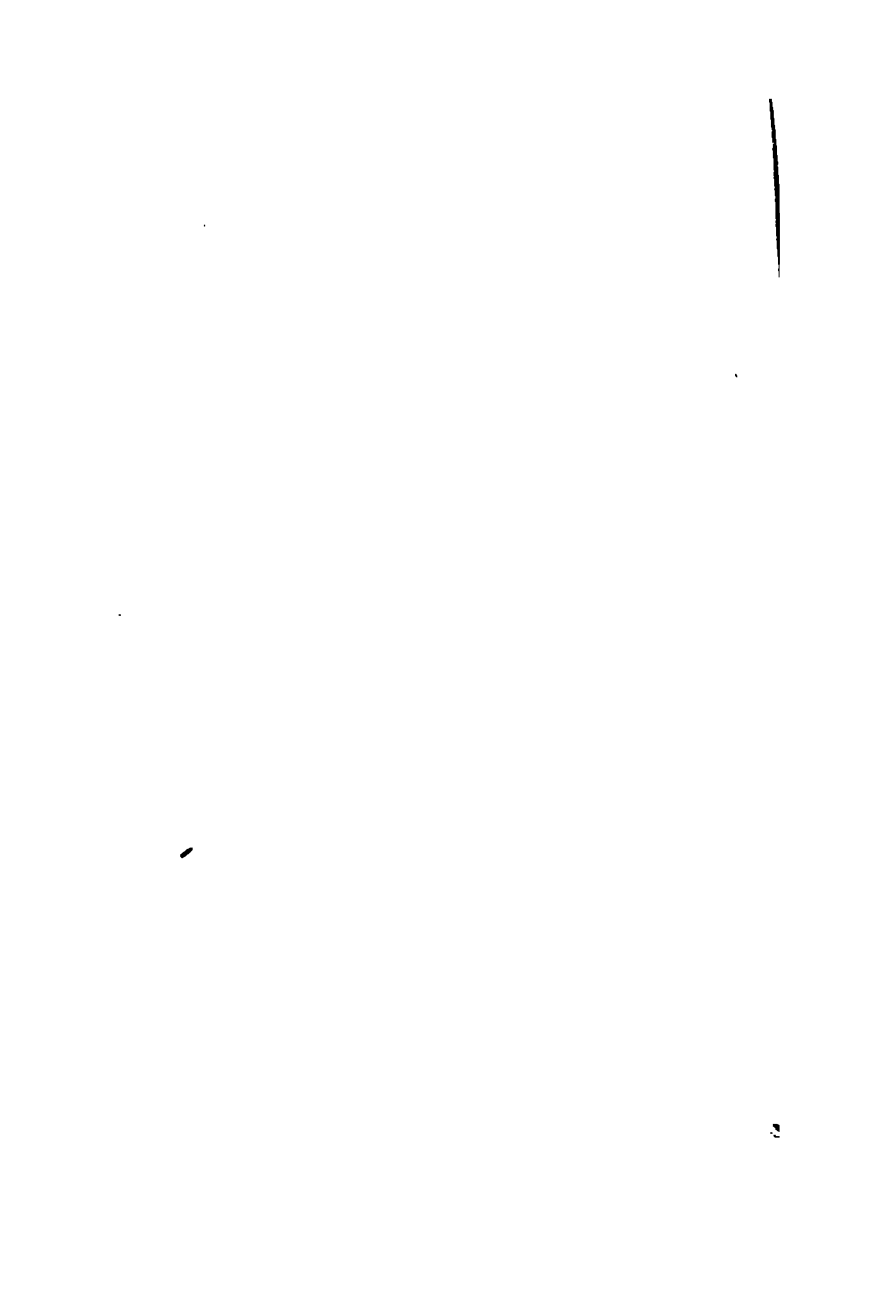
Fare thee well, sainted spirit !  
Thy name shall not perish—  
We will dwell on thine image,  
Thy memory cherish ;  
The light that thou sheddest,

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\* The Church of which Mrs. W. was a member  
was then small.

Shall illumine our day,  
And whither thou fleddest,  
We'll mark as our way.

The morning shall cheer us  
As we wake from the tomb,  
For thou wilt be near us,  
And we'll go with thee home ;  
No tears shall be known,  
Nor sinning, forever—  
As we stand near the throne,  
Not fearing to sever.



# WYOMING

AND

## THE LOST SISTER.

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THE following sketch is from a Series of Letters written during a tour through Pennsylvania in the Summer of 1839, to a friend in Philadelphia. For a more full account, we refer the reader to the *Lost Sister*—a book by the same Author.

### WYOMING VALLEY.—ITS HISTORY.

Did you never notice that a rare, notable housewife will frequently have a crust somewhat thick upon her loaf, and though it seems, at first somewhat formidable, yet when you have once got through the loaf, it is none the less sweet for the crust? Even so is the loaf, which I am about to place on my dish, surrounded by a thick crust, but it is unavoidable, and you must first cut through this crust, and the rest will be sweet. In

plain language, I am going to speak of a spot celebrated wherever the English language is spoken, and in order to speak with intelligence, I must first give some dry, historical details. But don't throw them aside. You will read the story of Gertrude of Wyoming with a keener relish.

You must now suppose yourself in the north-eastern part of Pennsylvania, seated on a rock, called "Prospect Rock," about a thousand feet high. Your face is towards the north-west. Before you lies a valley—and what a valley! It runs from north-east to south-west. On one side are mountains a thousand feet high, and on the other, eight hundred feet. The valley is twenty-one miles long, and in the widest place, five miles wide. It is very much in the shape of an egg. You are in about the centre. A dozen miles up is a little light streak, where the Susquehanna breaks into the valley. It looks as if the poor river got frightened like a deer and broke through the

mountains in this spot to find a resting place here. It now winds, and curves, and lingers, as if unwilling to leave its new abode. But it is doomed ; and at the same distance below you, is another abrupt break, through which the wanderer goes out still in quiet repose. There are islets in the river, and trees that hang over it and bend down to bathe their locks in the waters,—bridges in the distance, and sweet villages, and whatever in nature can be called lovely. The mountains are collected around in all shapes and sizes, the natural guardians of this spot. But within this basin, what scenes, what suffering have been endured within eighty years !

Wyoming is a corruption of a hard Indian word, (altered for the sake of euphony,) meaning “ wide plains,” or “ wide flats.”

What generations have lived and died here, we can never know. Chapman says that over an old fortification, an oak tree had grown, whose years, according to its



circles, were seven hundred ! A rock has lately been dug, twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground, and on splitting it with powder, a *wooden trencher* was found in its centre ! The rock was fifty feet above the surface of the river, and I believe, solid through the whole twenty-five feet. The trencher is now here safe and sound, but can give no account of itself, and has no friend who can write its memoir. I have seen it. *Could* it have been put there since the flood ?

Before the white man came here this valley was inhabited by two tribes of Indians, the Delawares and the Shawnese. One tribe occupied the rich flats on one side, and the other on the other side of the river. It so happened that on a certain time, the Shawnese squaws came over in their canoes to visit the Delaware squaws. Instead of asking them to the tea-table, like modern ladies, they invited their visitors to go with them and pick strawberries ; the little papposes

of each tribe accompanied their mothers. One of the little naked fellows of the Shawnese, caught a *grasshopper*. A little Delawarean wanted the prize. Thereupon they began to fight and claw for the insect. Soon the mothers took up the quarrel, and had a hard pitched battle. The Shawnese were driven home in high dudgeon; and when the lords of creation came in from hunting, they were told of the wrongs and sufferings their wives and children had endured. Both tribes sprang for the war-hatchet. Now if you say that these were wrong and foolish so to do, just let me say that it is only what civilized nations now do. If England should carry off a turf of our peat and refuse to give it up, would it not be the best reason in the world why we should fight her till the last drop of blood is spilt? Certainly, this can be proved; for if the turf is of so little consequence, how much more stubborn is England for not giving it up, and how much more need of humbling her in war Just

so with these Indians. If the grasshopper was a small affair, how much more need of whipping the Shawnese, who were stubborn about it and would not give it up! The battle was bloody and the poor Shawnese were whipped, and driven out of the valley. They went to Ohio, and left the Delawares masters in Wyoming, and owners of all the grasshoppers!

The benevolent Count ZINZENDORF was the first white man who ever entered this valley. He followed a war-path over the mountains and pitched his tent on the Susquehanna near Indiantown. This was in 1742. He came as a religious missionary to the Indians. He explained his object and wishes through an interpreter. The Indians, being unable to conceive how a man could cross the ocean and the wilderness at his own expense, in order to teach them to be happy after death, and thinking that he must be plotting to get their lands away, determined in council to kill him that very night.

At the appointed hour the assassins repaired to the tent of the old man, Zinzendorf. He had made a small fire, and was probably engaged in his devotions, or else planning how he might effect the object of his mission. The fire warmed and revived a large rattlesnake which was in the grass, and as the murderers carefully withdrew a corner of the tent and looked in, they saw the white-headed old man engaged in religious duties, and the snake harmlessly creeping over his legs, he not noticing it. They at once retired to the council and told them that it would be wrong to kill that man, for the Great Spirit kept him from the power of the snake ! Thus superstition preserved the life of this good man, and after staying with them twenty days, he returned to Bethlehem on the Lehigh. This circumstance was not without its use in gaining the ear of the Indians to the object of his mission. The story is told on the authority of one who was, at the time, a companion of Zinzendorf.

In the charter granted to the Pilgrims at Plymouth, they had possession of all lands within certain bounds, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, with the right of selling off such portions as they chose. Within these bounds Wyoming came. After this, certain people purchased Connecticut and formed a new colony. But as they must be governed in England, it was necessary that each new colony should have a separate and new charter from England. In this way the States of New England were created.

In 1682, Charles I. granted Connecticut her charter, including all lands within certain boundaries *except* such as were actually occupied by the subjects of some Christian prince. These boundaries included such limits as would sweep from the present length of Connecticut, making that the breadth, through to the Pacific ocean, *excepting* New York, which was in the possession of the Dutch, "the subjects of a Christian prince."

As soon as Connecticut could spare any of her men, she saw the advantage of taking possession of her territories west of New York. I may here say that the reason why charters so extensive were granted appears to have been to prevent, by possession, any other nation from coming in and taking a share. The space *supposed* to be included was not less than three thousand miles.

But Connecticut was in no situation to send out emigrants till 1754, when she determined to attempt to take possession of her territories. In that year she brought in open council, the *Indian* title to the Valley of Wyoming, and her young men started through the wilderness for this valley.

*Nineteen* years after (i. e. 1681,) Connecticut had obtained her charter, William Penn obtained his charter to Pennsylvania, and this charter, beyond all doubt, does also include Wyoming, and covers a part of the territory of Connecticut; but as it was nineteen years later in date, Connecticut assert-

ed that the part which covers her territory must lie null and void, and so distinguished counsel in England gave their opinion.

This brought the two States, Connecticut and Pennsylvania, into collision, and the poor adventurers of Wyoming were the sufferers. For the first twenty years, they were owned and protected by nobody. They called their new home Westmoreland, and formed laws and governed themselves, as complete a republic as ever existed.

After Connecticut had purchased the Indian title, and sent her sons to Wyoming, the proprietaries of Pennsylvania also purchased the Indian title,—for the Indians would sell a thing as often as they could find purchasers. The two States had this valley now in their charters, and both had purchased the lands of the Indians. The only differences in the accounts were, that Connecticut had got her titles first, and had actual possession by her sons. On the other hand, the valley was here and within reach of

Pennsylvania. Now commenced and continued a series of wars, and imprisonments and sufferings, which have scarcely a parallel in history. Pennsylvania tried to extend her laws over the settlement, and they as uniformly and as strenuously refused to comply, and adhered to Connecticut. Sometimes the settlers were driven off by the Indians, and sometimes by armed forces from Pennsylvania. But in 1774 they were received under the flag of Connecticut, the republic was abolished, the town of Westmoreland created, the valley annexed to the county of Litchfield, and the laws of old Connecticut extended here. This was done by the Legislature of Connecticut; but the moment it was done, the Governor of Pennsylvania resisted, and issued a proclamation forbidding the calling and doings of a town meeting. Previous to this, the poor people had been attacked by the Indians, and after seeing more than twenty of their little number murdered, the rest fled through the



woods over two hundred miles on foot. But they had returned, and this was to be their home.

In 1774, the Legislature of Connecticut, at the earnest request of the settlers, took them under the laws and protection of that State. Most clearly and unquestionably she had a right so to do. But it would take a volume to describe the contentions, the sheriffs, and little armies which Pennsylvania sent to subdue and drive off these Yankees. The pages of no history can well evince a spirit of mightier wrong, or of more enduring, persevering, bold assertion of right, than was here exhibited. They paid taxes to Connecticut, they sent Representatives to her Assembly, they promptly and faithfully obeyed her laws, and clung to her interests. The clashings between the two States continued till the war with Great Britain commenced, when Congress found it necessary to interpose to settle them. They settled them by giving the territory to

Pennsylvania—for this State was too important to leave unconciliated at that time—but they did it as a matter of *policy* and not of *justice*. They did it in secret and voted to keep the *reasons* of their decision a profound secret. At the same time, they willingly allowed Connecticut all the rest of the lands which her charter gave her west of New York. But this was not all. The people of Wyoming were willing and ready to be good citizens under Connecticut or Pennsylvania. But they were not allowed to do so. While Congress merely decided to give the territory or government to Pennsylvania, *she* interpreted it to mean the right to every acre of land! Then commenced new oppressions and violence and wrongs on the part of Pennsylvania, that sicken the mere reader of history. I believe in no other instance in the settlement of the territory of States, were the settlers, who had bought their farms, molested and refused by their new rulers to have their rights confirmed.

Not so here. While the great body of Pennsylvanians were ready and wishing to do justice to poor Wyoming, and the men, who, for a song, had purchased some of the lands from Pennsylvania, gave the government no peace; and sheriffs and armed men again murdered and plundered, to weary and wear out and drive off the settlers. They appealed to Connecticut, and Governor Griswold interposed, and finally the poor fellows had their homes for which they had once paid, and for which they had toiled and bled, for nearly thirty years, confirmed to them on these conditions, viz: they should relinquish to the State of Pennsylvania all their possessions, except seventeen of the oldest townships, for which they should pay from twenty-five cents to \$2.50 an acre, on an average one dollar an acre for every rod of land. This they did, and paid nearly two hundred thousand dollars, while at the same time, the rest of the State was selling at the rate of twenty-five cents an acre! I cannot here omit to copy the

eloquent appeal which Wyoming sent forth when she found that Congress had given her to Pennsylvania, and when she only asked that her lands and her cottages might not be torn from her. "By this adjudication we are under your jurisdiction and protection. We are subjects and free citizens of the State of Pennsylvania, and have now to look up to your honors, as our fathers, guardians and protectors—entitled to every tender regard and respect as to justice, equity, liberty and protection. It is impossible that the magnanimity of a powerful and opulent State will ever condescend to distress an innocent and brave people, that have unsuccessfully struggled against the ills of fortune. We care not under what State we live, if we live protected and happy. We will serve you, we will promote your interests, we will fight your battles; but in mercy, goodness, wisdom, justice, and every great and generous principle, leave us our possessions, the dearest pledges of our

brothers, children and fathers, which their hands have cultivated, and their blood, spilt in the cause of their country, enriched." This was dated 1783. But when did "a powerful and opulent State" hear the voice of the wronged, and take off the iron foot which she had once placed upon the necks of the meek? It was not till the censors of the State had appealed to the people, it was not till in four counties the sheriffs could not muster seventy men to go against poor Wyoming, it was not till 1801, that the Legislature of Pennsylvania ceased to pass those disgraceful acts which were so many iron swords in the heart of this wonderful people—wonderful, as we shall see, in all they did. Every thing which art and power could do to drive them away was done, and that for nearly half a century. But the Wyoming man was made of true Yankee stuff, and when did that ever tire out and give out? He twice paid for his home, he paid taxes to two different States, he fought the

Indian, the Pennsylvanian and the British for it, and have it he would and did. And it has been his home ever since. And what a home! The man who has spent his boyhood on the hills of New England, cannot visit this spot without having peculiar emotions. I care not whether he does or does not know the history of this valley. Let him come and stand on "Prospect Rock," or "Ross Hill," or "Redoubt Hill," and gaze at the prospect, and Wilkesbarre, and he will think of his home. Here the genius of New England early came, and here she lingers still. The tall, tapering spire of the white church—the church with its double row of windows and projecting porch—the bell ringing at nine o'clock every evening to tell that "it is time for honest folks to be a-bed"—the white, double, two story houses, with door-yards, and side-yards, and bewitching shrubbery—the large beautiful gardens, with the barns and hens and pigs away back out of sight—the flag-

ging walks and shady streets—the large, airy, noble white school houses—the well-proportioned and steeple-crowned churches scattered through the valley—all these are before the eye, and meet you at every turn, and are so many monuments to their fathers' character. Will you find such churches elsewhere ; such houses, such gardens, such taste, such schools with funds gathered from the very first lots laid out, elsewhere in this State? No, no. And if any one has a lip that can curl at what is Yankee, let him go to the valley of Wyoming, and spend a week at Wilkesbarre, and witness the intelligence, the taste, the refinement, and the thousand nameless things there found, and after that, he is welcome to sneer. His head must be weak and his heart bloodless, if he could do it. The lots are now laid out just as they were under the old Connecticut grants. Here was the lot, three hundred acres in each town for the schools, and there the lot for the minister of the Gospel. It

is New England in beautiful miniature, and while these people have no occasion to blush when they look back to Connecticut as the home of their fathers, Connecticut certainly has none as she casts her eye over these mountains and looks into the beautiful, the enchanting Wyoming. The only exception I would make, would be, the very centre of Wilkesbarre. I wish some five or ten acres there could be carried out, washed and scrubbed, purified and painted, and then put back again. If we must have deformity, who wants to see a blood-shot eye, a bruised nose, or a hair lip? But I am prosing. The next will be facts and history, but poetry could not make it more marvellous.

#### VALLEY OF WYOMING—ITS BATTLES AND MASSACRE.

What college boy has failed to hear Outalissi's death-song spoken in all manner of tones and gestures, till he wished the fellow had died without singing his song? And



yet, who that has read Campbell's fictitious, but touching story, has forgotten or can ever forget the romance connected with the valley of Wyoming. I could have wished that Campbell had visited the spot before he wrote. He could then have made it more true to nature, and yet no less poetical. As it is, he has created a tropical clime for it, and given us "savannas and magnolias," though such things are known here only in song. Yet the poem will live, and the eye of the traveller will forever wander to select the spot where the ideal Alfred and Gertrude lived and loved and died. Read the poem and you *feel* the poet.

When the difficulties between Britain and her colonies were fast coming to a crisis, and the cry of freedom rang over the hills and valleys of the land, the inhabitants of this valley, though unprotected by any State, at once responded to the cry. At a town meeting, August 1, 1775, it was voted, "that we will unanimously join our brethren of Amer-

ica in the common cause of defending our liberty." The inhabitants were called upon to work on the forts without fee or reward. In 1876 they raised three companies, and furnished about three hundred men for the American army. They were credited to Connecticut, of course, and went as Connecticut men. They were at Mill-stone, at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and at the awful cannonading at Mud Fort. In 1777, when almost all their men were in the army, the poor people voted, generously and gloriously, "that ye committee of Inspectors be empowered to supply the sogers wives and the sogers widows and their families, with the necessaries of life." This was noble !

Wyoming was now a distant, retired, exposed frontier, near the Six nations of Indians. The British commander at the north early fixed his eye on Wyoming, and for these reasons ;—he saw a population who from the cradle breathed the the very spirit of liberty ;

the men were mostly gone to the army, and it was defenceless ; and by attacking it he could hope to draw, at least, the brave men of this valley, from Washington's army. It was marked for destruction and doomed.

In the early summer of 1778, the British set their face towards Wyoming. Col. John Butler commanded the force, consisting of seven hundred regular soldiers and four hundred Indians. It is still a matter of dispute whether the fierce Brandt was with them or not. To defend the valley, all that could be mustered, old and young, were 368 men. These were what were left after the enlistments into Washington's army. They had for defence one four pound cannon, but no ball for it ! and their muskets. They had what they called *forts*, which were built by sticking logs into a ditch to surround a spot to contain the women and children. They fired their muskets between these logs. At one of these forts on the west side of the river, this little band assem-

bled, when the British were coming down in their boats. There were grandsires of three score and ten, with their sons and grand-sons of 15 and even 14 to defend their all. On the 3d of July this band, in gloomy silence marched out of the fort to meet the enemy, more than three to one. They were in earnest; unlike the sight when

“The king of France with twenty thousand men  
Marched up the hill and then marched down  
again.”

They knew that they must fight and conquer, or die. Col. Z. Butler commanded one wing of the little army and Col. Dennison the other. Opposed to them were the eleven hundred men, the rangers in green uniform and the Indians. The field of battle was partly a plain and partly covered with scrub-oak and yellow pine, on the banks of the Susquehanna. The engagement began between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of a hot July day. The British had taken their ground first and filled the bushes with Indians. The smoke of their

rifles could be seen and that was all, while the raw militia of Wyoming fell rapidly before them. The only survivor here, told me that during the fight he *saw* but one Indian. He stood with his rifle smoking. Upon him he fired, and he saw the Indian no more. With their covered fire fist, and then with the rush from the bushes with the yell and the tomahawk next, the Indians nearly surrounded the left wing, and it began to give way. "Don't leave me, my children," cried the brave Butler, "the victory will be ours." But the ground was strewn with the slain, and all was now flight and confusion. The inhabitants of the valley then numbered about twenty-five hundred souls; and as the men were away in the army, this was all the force they could raise. Of the three hundred and sixty-eight who went out to the battle, but seventy-five returned! Of fifteen officers, true Connecticut men, eleven died on the field. Of a family by the name of Gore, one was in the

army, and seven sons went into this fight; in the evening but two remained, and one of these had his arm broken with a rifle ball! From the family of a Mr. Meeks seven went out of the fort, and at sunset they were all dead in the field. But the most dreadful of all their sufferings arose after the battle was over. The enemy had surrounded our people on all sides except the river. Towards the river they now rushed. Many were prisoners before they got there—many killed, many were plunging and swimming and dying in the river. The Indians could outrun the regulars and had no one to restrain the tomahawk. A little below the battle-field is an Island called Monokok Island. The old man, Mr. Blackman, who gave me the account, now eighty-one, was then eighteen years old. He with others, threw away his gun, and plunging into the river, made for the Island. An Indian followed him, and called upon him to stop, promising quarter. But as he looked too wicked to keep his word, Black-

man kept in the river, keeping all but his head under water and his eye on the Indian. As he raised his rifle and drew the trigger, Blackman drew his head under water. "The ball," as he said, "made a warm streak along his back." He reached the Island, crept under the willows till midnight, when he again crossed the river and reached the lower fort. Above this island is a large rock, called "Queen Esther's rock." There was an old squaw who bore this title. After the battle, the Indians gathered their unarmed prisoners at this rock and in sport set this hag to murdering them. She put sixteen of them on the ground in a circle around the rock, and then coolly went round and with her tomahawk, dashed out their brains. The Indians shouted to see her skill. The two last in the circle, Elliot and Hammond, knowing they must die, whispered to each other, got off the string which bound their arms, and at a word, jumped up, broke through the circle of astonished Indians and ran. The Indians thought to increase the sport

they would let them get the start and then send their swift runners after them. Away they went for life and the Indians after them. Around them the tomahawks whistled and whizzed, but they reached the bushes and plunged in. Elliot jumped over a log and lay down under it, as it lay up a little from the ground. The Indians ran over it and did not see him, in a few moments they were back again and did not see him! He says he wonders why they did not hear his heart beat! Both of these men escaped, and Elliot is still living about fifty miles above this. Among the British were many Tories. Two men had crossed and got on to Monkok Island, having lost their guns. They now lay concealed in the bushes. In a few moments one of these Tories came over. He wiped and primed his gun. As he advanced, his neighbor knew him, and knew that he was the brother of the man who was concealed a few rods behind him. As he advanced, careful-



ly examining the bushes, he saw his brother. The unarmed brother came forward and on his knees begged for life, promising to be his slave if he would not kill him. "So it is you, is it," said the tory with an oath—"but you are a rebel." He raised his gun, and deliberately aimed it, and the suppliant brother lay dead at his feet !

With the curse of Cain upon him, the murderer fled to Canada. As to the story of his coming back, haunted by conscience, and finding a grave near where he did the deed, I shall only give it in the words of one of our Poets\*—without vouching for its authenticity. My reader will thank me for the story so beautifully told.

#### THE DEATH OF THE FRATRICIDE.

He stood on the brow of the well known hill,  
 Its few gray oaks moan'd over him still—  
 'The last of that forest which cast the gloom,  
 Of its shadow at even'er his childhood's home;  
 And the beautiful valley beneath him lay  
 With its quivering leaves, and its streams at play,  
 And the sunshine over it all the while  
 Like the golden shower of the Eastern Isle.

\*J. G. Whittier.

He knew the rock with its clinging vine,  
And its gray top touch'd by the slant sunshine ;  
And the delicate stream which crept beneath,  
Soft as the flow of an infant's breath ;  
And the flowers which leaned to the West wind's  
sigh,  
Kissing each ripple which glided by,  
And he knew every valley and wooded swell,  
For the visions of childhood are treasured well !

Why shook the old man as his eye glanc'd down  
That narrow ravine where the rude cliffs frown,  
With their shaggy brows and their teeth of stone,  
And their grim shade back from the sunlight  
thrown ?

What saw he there save the dreary glen,  
Where the shy fox crept from the eye of men,  
And the great owl sat on the leafy limb  
That the hateful sun might not look on him ?

Fix'd, glassy, and strange was that old man's eye !  
As if a spectre was stealing by !  
And glared it still on that narrow dell  
Where thicker and browner the twilight fell ;  
Yet at every sigh of the fitful wind,  
Or stirring of leaves in the wood behind,  
His wild glance wander'd the landscape o'er,  
Then fix'd on that desolate dell once more !

Oh ! who shall tell of the thoughts which ran  
Through the dizzied brain of that gray old man ?  
His childhood's home—and his father's toil—

And his sister's kiss—and his mother's smile—  
And his brother's laughter and gamesome mirth,  
At the village school and the winter hearth—  
The beautiful thoughts of his early time,  
Ere his heart grew dark with its later crime.

And darker and wilder his visions came  
Of the deadly feud and the midnight flame,  
Of the Indian's knife with its slaughter red,  
Of the ghastly forms of the scalpless dead,  
Of his own fierce deeds in that fearful hour  
When the terrible Brandt was forth in power,—  
And he clasped his hands o'er his burning eye,  
To shadow the vision which glided by.

It came with the rush of the battle storm—  
With a brother's shaken and kneeling form,  
And his prayer for life when a brother's arm  
Was lifted above him for mortal harm,  
And the fiendish curse, and the groan of death,  
And the welling blood, and the gurgling breath,  
And the scalp torn off while each nerve could feel  
The wrenching hand and the jagged steel !

And the old man groan'd—for he saw, again,  
The mangled corse of his brother slain,  
As it lay where his hand had hurl'd it then,  
At the shadow'd foot of that fearful glen !—  
And it rose erect, with the death pang grim,  
And pointed its bloody finger at him !—  
And his heart grew cold—and the curse of Cain  
Burn'd like a fire in the old man's brain !

Oh, had he not seen that spectre rise  
On the blue of the cold Canadian skies !—  
From the lakes which sleep in the ancient wood,  
It had risen to whisper its tale of blood,  
And follow'd his bark to the sombre shore,  
And glared by night through the wigwam door ;  
And here—on his own familiar hill—  
It rose on his haunted vision still !

\* \* \* \* \*

Whose corse was that which the morrow's sun  
Through the opening boughs look'd calmly on !  
There were those who bent o'er that rigid face  
Who well in its darken'd lines might trace  
The features of him who, traitor, fled  
From a brother whose blood himself had shed,  
And there—on the spot where he strangely died—  
They made the grave of the Fratricide !

Six weeks after the battle, the dead were buried. Fourteen were found in the circle around Esther's rock. All the slain were buried in one grave. They are now trying to erect a monument to these noble sufferers. The foundations are laid of hewn stone, about twenty-four feet square. They intend to have it sixty feet high. They have lately opened the great grave and taken out

the bones to deposit them in the monument. I have just been to see a part of them. Every skull which I saw, save one or two, had a hole through it, made by a tomahawk. One poor negro went out as a fifer. The poor fellow's skull is plainly distinguished from the rest. Some of them must have been very young. As I write, some bones from this grave are lying by me, which must have come out of arms that were not over thirteen or fourteen years old. I saw a tomahawk, too, which was taken from this grave. One thigh bone shows you the hole which the rifle ball made directly through its centre. Mournful evidences of awful cruelty and suffering!

Before this battle, Wyoming was a delightful spot. The harvests were waving in the fields, the homes were smiling, and all was lovely. After the battle, all was desolation and plunder and murder. The yell of savages was incessant. Wilkesbarre was burned to ashes. The settlement was ex-

pelled. All was lost. The women and children and the few men surviving, took their way through a wilderness of sixty miles. In this they suffered, were sick, and many died. It has ever since been called "the shades of death." In one party of nearly one hundred, only one man was found surviving. One poor mother had her infant die, and that was her only food for days! One man, John Abbott, of Windham Co., (Conn.) had his all swept away; he was murdered in trying to save his babes, and his wife and nine children begged their way back to Connecticut. Anderson Dana had just returned from the Legislature of Connecticut, of which he was a member. He and his son-in-law went into battle. They were both killed, and the widows, under the escort of the oldest boy living, nine or ten years old, begged their way to Ashford, (Conn.) Brave men, poor sufferers! Your bones are now lying in the mountains, or in the wilderness, or in a box in the garret-

chamber, awaiting the completion of the monument; but your memory lives, and often shall the story of your deeds and your sufferings be told. I am not the first stranger, nor shall I be the last, who in his little chamber on the banks of the Susquehanna, shall shed tears over your story.

#### THE LOST SISTER.

After the battle and massacre, described in my last, most of the settlers fled. But here and there a straggler returned from the mountains or wilderness, and in the course of three or four months, other cabins were going up over the ashes of their former homes, and quite a little neighborhood was collected. But the Indians kept prowling around on the mountains, now descending here and now there, killing this family, scalping that, or making it captive. At a little distance from the present Court House at Wilkesbarre, lived a family by the name of Slocum, upon whom the visitations of the

Indians' cruelties were awfully severe. The men were one day away in the fields, and in an instant, the house was surrounded by Indians. There were in it, the mother, a daughter about nine years of age, a son aged thirteen, another daughter, aged five, and a little boy aged two and a half. A young man and a boy by the name of Kingsley were present grinding a knife. The first thing the Indians did was to shoot down the young man and scalp him with the knife which he had in his hand. The nine year old sister took the little boy two years and a half old, and ran out of the back door to get to the fort. The Indians chased her just enough to see her fright, and to have a hearty laugh as she ran and clung to and lifted her chubby little brother. They then took the Kingsley boy and young Slocum, aged thirteen, and little Frances aged five, and prepared to depart. But finding young Slocum lame, at the earnest entreaties of the mother, they set him down and left him,



Their captives were then young Kingsley and the little girl. The mother's heart grieved unutterably, and for years she could not describe the scene without tears. She saw an Indian throw her child over his shoulder and as her hair fell over her face, with one hand she brushed it aside, while the tears fell from her distended eye, and stretching out her other hand towards her mother, she called for *her* aid. The Indian turned into the bushes, and this was the last seen of little Frances. This image, probably, was carried by the mother to her grave. Of the boy Kingsley, nothing more was ever heard. The father came home at night, and the sorrows of the family were very great. Nothing was known of the fate of their child, nor whether the Indians would not again visit them in their cruelty. As they gathered around the evening-fire, the silence of the father, and tears of the mother revealed but a part of the agony.

" 'Twas eve ; a little circle sat  
Around the cottage hearth ;  
Youth's voice and rose-bud lips were there,  
But not its tones of mirth !

But few and low were all the words  
Of that lone fire-side ring ;  
It seemed as though their spirits dwelt,  
Upon some fearful thing.

Had death been in that forest-home  
To call the loved away ?  
Was it for this that mother wept  
From eve till break of day ?

No ; though they missed the baby-voice  
And little dimpled hand :  
Death in his quiver hath no dart,  
Like that which pierced that band.

They missed her when the morning came  
To wake the voice of birds ;  
She ~~was~~ not there to mock their song  
With her half uttered words.

She was not there with acorn-cups  
Beside the woodland rill,  
Calling aloud to hear her voice  
Re-echo from the hill.

*They* had been there—the forest men !  
And from her mother's breast,  
They tore the darling of her love,—  
The warbler from its nest.

When evening came, the circle met  
And wept with anguish sore ;—  
They hoped—threw hope away, and then  
Retired to dream it o'er.

And in the chambers of the soul  
One picture memory laid—  
A child—one hand among her curls ;  
The other stretched for aid !”

About a month after this they came again, and with the most awful cruelties, murdered the aged grand-father, and shot a ball in the leg of the lame boy. This he carried with him in his leg nearly sixty years, to the grave. The last child was born a few months after these tragedies ! What were the conversations, what were the conjectures, what were the hopes and the fears respecting the fate of little Frances, I will not attempt to describe. Probably the children saw that

in all after life, the heart of the stricken mother was yearning for the little one whose fate was so uncertain, and whose face she could never see again.

As the boys grew up and became men, they were very anxious to know the fate of their little fair-haired sister. They wrote letters, they sent inquiries, they made journies through all the West and into the Canadas, if peradventure they might learn any thing respecting her fate. Four of these long journies were made in vain. A silence deep as that of the deepest forest through which they wandered, hung over her fate, and that sixty years.

“ They searched through many a forest wild,  
And swelling rivers crossed ;  
And yet the years brought on their wings  
No tidings of the lost.

Age sprinkled on their head its frost ;  
They cherished still that name ;  
But from the forests of the west,  
No tale of Frances came.

\* \* \* \* \*

Night shrouds the western wilderness—  
A traveler is there ;  
And worn and wearied much he begs  
The red man's fire to share.

Within the hut sits one who seems  
Of something fair, the wreck ;  
No Indian trace was in her hair  
Nor olive on her neck.

The stranger asked her if her home  
In childhood's day had been  
Within the red-man's smoky hut  
With barbarous kith and kin.

She said the red man's cot was not  
The home her childhood knew,  
Penn's glorious sky once o'er her hung  
Its canopy of blue !"

My reader will now pass over fifty-eight years from the time of this captivity, and suppose himself far in the wilderness in the furthest part of Indiana. A very respectable agent of the United States is travelling there, and weary and belated, with a tired horse, he stops at an Indian wigwam for the night. He can speak the Indian lan-

guage. The family are rich for Indians, have horses and skins in abundance. In the course of the evening, he notices that the hair of the woman is light, and her skin, under her dress is also white. This led to a conversation. She told him she was a white child, but had been carried away when a very small girl. She could only remember that her name was Slocum, that she lived in a little house on the banks of the Susquehanna, and how many there were in her father's family, and the order of their ages! But the name of the town she could not remember. On reaching his home, the agent mentioned this story to his mother. She urged and pressed him to write and print the account. Accordingly he wrote and sent it to Lancaster in this State, requesting that it might be published. By some unaccountable blunder it lay in the office *two years* before it was printed. But last summer it was published. In a few days it fell into the hands of Mr. Slocum of Wilkesbarre, who was the little two and a

half year old boy, when Frances was taken. In a few days he was off to seek his sister, taking with him his oldest sister, (the one who aided him to escape) and writing to a brother who now lives in Ohio, and who I believe was born after the captivity, to meet him and go with him.

The two brothers and sisters are now (1838) on their way to seek little Frances, just *sixty years* after her captivity. After travelling more than three hundred miles through the wilderness, they reached the Indian country, the home of the Miami Indian. Nine miles from the nearest white, they find the little wigwam. "I shall know my sister," said the civilized sister, "because she lost the nail of her first finger. You, brother, hammered it off in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old." They go into the cabin and find an Indian woman having the appearance of seventy-five years. She is painted and jewelled off, and dressed like the Indians in all respects. Nothing

but her hair and covered skin would indicate her origin. They get an interpreter and begin to converse. She tells them where she was born, her name, &c., with the order of her father's family. "How came your nail gone?" said the oldest sister. "My older brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop!" In a word, they were satisfied that this was *Frances*, their long lost sister! They asked her what her christian name was? She could not remember. Was it *Frances*? She smiled and said "*yes.*" It was the first time she had heard it pronounced for sixty years! Here, then, they were met—two brothers and two sisters! They were all satisfied they were brothers and sisters. But what a contrast! The brothers were walking the cabin unable to speak; the oldest sister was weeping, but the poor Indian sister sat motionless and passionless, as indifferent as a spectator. There was no throbbing, no fine cords in her bosom to be touched.



When Mr. Slocum was giving me this history, I said to him—"but could she not speak English?" "Not a word." "Did she know her age?" "No—had no idea of it." "But was she entirely ignorant?" "*Sir, she didn't know when Sunday came!*" This was indeed the consummation of ignorance in a descendant of the Puritans!

But what a picture for a painter would the inside of that cabin have afforded? Here were the children of civilization, respectable, temperate, intelligent and wealthy, able to overcome mountains to recover their sister. There was the child of the forest, not able to tell the day of the week, whose views and feelings were all confined to that cabin.

Her whole history might be told in a word. She lived with the Delawares who carried her off, till grown up, and then married a Delaware. He either died or ran away, and she then married a Miami Indian, a chief, I believe. She has two daughters, both of whom are married and who live in

all the glory of an Indian cabin, deer-skin clothes, and cow-skin head-dresses. No one of the family can speak a word of English. They have horses in abundance, and when the Indian sister wanted to accompany her new relatives, she went out, bridled her horse, and then, *a la Turk*, mounted astride and was off. At night she could throw a blanket around her, lie down upon the floor, and at once be asleep.

The brothers and sisters tried to persuade their lost sister to return with them, and if she desired it, bring her children. They would transplant her again to the banks of the Susquehanna, and of their wealth make her home happy. But no. She had always lived with the Indians—they had always been kind to her, and she had promised her late husband on his death-bed, that she would never leave the Indians. And there they left her and hers, wild and darkened heathens, though sprung from a pious race. You can hardly imagine how much this

brother is interested for her. His heart yearns with an indescribable tenderness for the poor helpless one, who sixty-one years ago was torn from the arms of her mother. Mysterious Providence! How wonderful the tie which can thus bind a family together with a chain so strong that nothing can break its links!

The family of Slocums have repeated their visits to the lost Sister, twice or thrice since she was discovered. She and her children seem glad to see them, and are willing to give and receive confidence. She was particularly pleased with the visit of her fair nieces, of whom she took much notice.

Since she has been discovered, the Missions have ceded the remainder of their lands to the United States, and are now about to remove beyond the Missouri River, and there find a new home. In the mean time, her white friends have not been unmindful of their tawny sister. They have gone to the government of the United States, and so

made interest in her behalf, that when the treaty was made, one section of beautiful land—a mile square, or six hundred and forty acres,—has been reserved for her and her heirs in fee-simple forever. So that there is reserved to them, if industrious and prudent, a home, and a sufficiency of property to make them comfortable and happy. Thus, though they could not lure her back to the abodes of civilized life, nor share with her the good things which a bountiful Providence has bestowed on them, yet they have been truly her benefactors and friends in another way.

The lost Sister still lives in her own wild home on the Missisneway River, with her children and grand-children. No inducement can tempt her to think of leaving it, even on a visit to the abodes of the civilized race. She is now, of course, an old woman. At the last visit of her brother, she went with him to the grave-yard of her tribe, in the still depths of the mighty forest, and

pointed out the spot where sleep her husband, and her two sons. She then showed near by a vacant spot, large enough for a grave, and pointed to her own body, indicating that that was to be the place where she is to be buried ! She will shortly pass away to the grave ; but her story is one that will live long, for it is one that touches the sympathies of our nature. Her whole history is one of those mysteries of Providence—which meet us on all sides—which will not, probably, be cleared up in this life.









